

# THE NORMALOGUE

1913







To  
Mrs. Donna E. Couch  
The class of 1913  
fondly dedicates  
this book.



MRS. DONNA E. COUCH





WORDS are a poor vehicle for the expression of our thoughts, at best, but particularly poor when it becomes necessary to pay a parting tribute of affection to so dear and near a friend as Mrs. Couch.

Friend she has proved herself to us in every sense of the word, aye more than friend,—guide, companion, helping us through difficulties sharing the burdens, and joying in our ultimate success.

Valuable as have been her lessons as our instructor, her daily presence among us has been of even greater worth; her gracious manner, her unfailing courtesy, her kindly assistance and the patience she has displayed for our shortcomings, all these beautiful and rare qualities have been and ever must be, an inspiration and incentive for us in the years to come.

Ripe in scholarship, trained in the foremost educational institutions of the country, Mrs. Couch came to the position she now holds fifteen years ago and the larger and yet larger respect and esteem she has now from each succeeding class has proven her ably and well. She has succeeded in inculcating principles of right living and right thinking among her pupils.

That she may long continue in her present position, a helper and most gracious instructor, a model to future students as she has been to us in the past, is the earnest wish of the class of 1913.

*Monica A. Flynn.*



NORTH ADAMS NORMAL SCHOOL



# Normalogue

## 1913



A Record of  
The Class of 1913  
North Adams, Massachusetts

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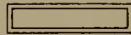
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*Gift of Mrs. Grace Briggs*



FRANK F. MURDOCK PRINCIPAL



### **The Spirit of our School**

**E**DUCATION to be nobly inspiring and broadly serviceable must be pursued not for knowledge or utility as such, not for culture or skill as such, but for realization of the larger self possible only by cooperation with and for others.

Learning to be satisfying and productive must be led by hope, not driven by fear.

Teaching to be stimulating and effective must be impelling, not compelling.

The learner's progress can be ensured only by opportunities to use his strong instincts and to adjust his personality to the social body.

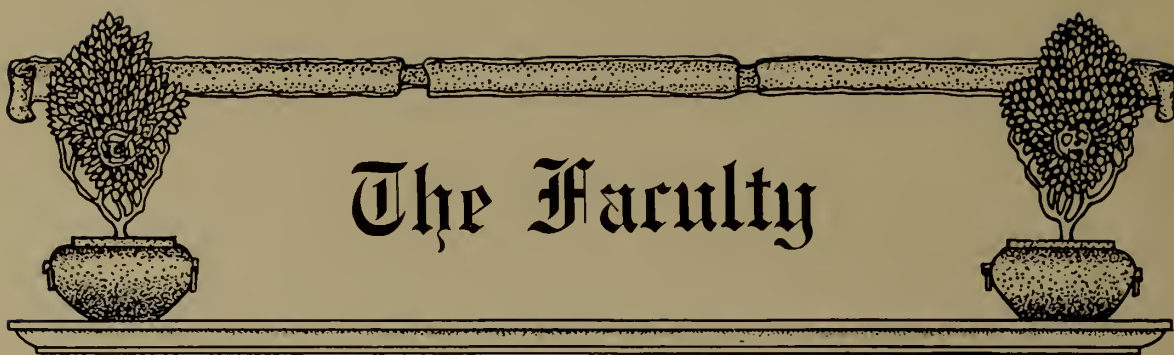
The teacher's success can be measured wisely only by the degree to which he becomes unnecessary to his pupils.



**T**WO years ago the custom of putting out a book representative of the Class of 1911 was instituted. We thank our precursor, "1911" for establishing the custom, and "1912" for passing it down to us. We have accepted the trust and now pass it on the coming classes with our hearty approval.

In issuing the "Normalogue" we have striven to place before the class something which shows the true "colors" of "1913" and of our Alma Mater. We hope that, after graduation, as our paths diverge and we separate, this book will bring back many a fond memory of N. A. N. S., our teachers, and our classmates. May the friendships established during our stay here live long thru these pages. When time tends to obliterate some of our pleasures here, the book will bring them back refreshed: when each and every member answers to the call of fame, they will still be one of our class: when we tend to drift apart, these beloved annals shall strengthen our bonds and unite us once more.





Roland M. Guss



TO Mr. Guss we are indebted for our knowledge of nature and science.

He is a graduate of the Indiana State Normal School, also of Wesleyan University, class of 1888, where he was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa and received his A. B. degree. He has attended several summer schools; in the summer of 1887, he studied zoology at Martha's Vineyard, and, in 1889, at Woods Hole Marine Biological Laboratory. In 1890 and 1891, he took field courses in Geology at the Harvard Summer School and other summer courses at Colorado College, Cook County Normal School, Illinois, University of Buffalo, Cornell University and Massachusetts Agricultural College.

He first taught in the district schools of Pennsylvania. Later, from 1888 to 1891, he taught at Wesleyan Academy and at the State Normal School, Greeley, Colorado, until 1896, when he came to our Normal.

He has had charge of the courses in Mineralogy, Chemistry, Zoology, and Botany, in all of which he has insisted upon the practical application of our knowledge.

William N. Johnson

MR. Johnson came to us in 1912, and how we all appreciated the assistance he was ever ready to render, with the trials we encountered throughout our course of woodwork.

Mr. Johnson has taken a course in Mechanical Engineering at Lawrence Scientific School, Cambridge, Mass.

He has also taken summer courses in Theory at Hyannis, and in metal work and pattern making at Columbia University.

For the past year he has been instructor in wood-work at Normal School and in forge work at Training School.





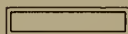
**Roy L. Smith**

**F**IRST impressions are lasting, so they say, and 'tis true in this case, for with a smile Mr. Smith greeted us on that first day of our senior year, and with a smile he has dismissed us from his classes.

A graduate of the Norwich high school and Norwich training school, he taught in the district schools of Kirk, South Plymouth, and others. The year 1904 saw him a graduate of the Syracuse University, taking an A. B. degree. Again we find him teaching as first vice-principal, and later as principal at Freeport, N. Y. and later at Westfield, N. Y.

Besides this he has done post graduate work in the teachers' college at Columbia University taking courses in History, Philosophy and Education.

Since coming to North Adams he has taught History, Geography, History of Education and Economics, and has had charge of the school garden work of the training school.

**Rose E. Searle**

**M**ISS Searle, after graduating from Westfield Normal School, took summer courses in music at Boston and Evanston, Ill.

From 1897 to 1901 Miss Searle taught in the eighth and ninth grades at Mark Hopkins, and since then she has been in charge of Mathematics and Music at the State Normal School, North Adams, Mass.

Along with her teaching of music and mathematics, Miss Searle gives us lessons in character forming, helping us to work faithfully and persistently, and to aim towards high ideals.



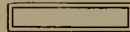


Mary Louise Baright

**M**ISS Baright has graduated from Cook's Collegiate Institute, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Boston University; Curry's School of Expression, Boston, Mass.; and has taken a special post graduate course at Chicago University, Chicago, Ill.

She has taught in a private school in Nashville, Tenn.; State Normal School, West Chester, Pa.; the University of Oregon; State Normal School, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 1898-1902; and since then, she has been here at the State Normal School, North Adams, Mass.

We owe much to Miss Baright for her enthusiastic teaching of grammar, reading and literature.



Miss Pearson

**T**HOUGH so joyfully anticipated in most respects, still the last term brought with it no little sorrow: for our course with Miss Pearson was ended. Keenly have we missed that charming wit peculiar to our Art Department. Not only has Miss Pearson added to our enjoyment of Normal but the work of her department has laid the foundations for a keener appreciation of life wherever we are. Miss Pearson graduated from Abbot Academy, Andover, Mass., the Glens Fall, N. Y. Summer School of Methods, and the Normal Art School in Boston. She has taken summer courses at Harvard University, Rhode Island School of Design, Amherst Agricultural College, and other well known institutions. One winter, she studied at the Colarossi Academy, Paris and in the art galleries of England, France, and Italy. Since 1897 she has been the Art instructor at Normal. Miss Pearson is a member of the Eastern Art and Manual Training Teachers' Association and of the International Congress for the Development of Drawing and Art Teaching.





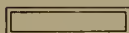
**Hannah H. Waterman**

**W**ONDERFUL Miss Waterman, always ready to answer questions and give advice!

After Miss Waterman graduated from the State Normal School, Bridgewater, Mass., she specialized at the Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst, Mass., and Butler College, Indianapolis.

She taught in Taunton, in Chelsea, at the Mark Hopkins School, and afterwards became principal of the Briggsville School, and later of the Clemens Vounegnt School, Indianapolis.

At present Miss Waterman has charge of the Correspondence and Vacation Courses at the State Normal School, North Adams.



**Annie J. Lamphier**

**O**UR handieraft teacher, who taught us to sing "Wet your weavers, keep the stakes dry!"

A graduate of Salem State Normal School she has also attended various summer schools including New York University, Massachusetts Agricultural College and Chautauqua School of Arts and Crafts, and the Saturday classes at Sloyd Normal School.

Miss Lamphier also taught the children of the primary grades in Lynn and Newton, and in Grade I Mark Hopkins Training School, North Adams. She has been instructor in summer schools and has had private classes in basketry and other forms of printing, weaving and woodwork. Since 1911 she has been a member of the faculty of the Chautauqua Summer School. In 1913 the Child Welfare Exhibit held in North Adams was under her direction and its success was due, in a large measure, to her untiring efforts.



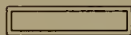


Alice B. Knowlton

ONE of the new teachers we welcomed this year to the ranks of our honorable faculty is Miss Knowlton, who has come to succeed Miss Schuyler as instructor of the Domestic Science Department of our school.

During her short stay with the seniors, she has won their love and esteem.

Miss Knowlton graduated from Arms Academy and the North Adams Normal School, afterwards teaching in Shelburne Falls, Colrain, Great Barrington and Lenox. "meantime" taking various courses at the University of Chicago.



Annie C. Skeele

"BE wise and play with your children." This is the motto of one of the most enthusiastic teachers of our Alma Mater.

Miss Skeele graduated from the State Normal School, Bridgewater, Mass. and from Posse Gymnasium, Boston.

From 1893 to 1895 she taught in a private gymnasium, 1895-1897 at the State Normal School, Mansfield, Penn., and from 1897 she has been hygiene and physical instructor in the North Adams Normal School.





**Mrs. Graves**

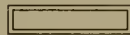


**D**EAR to the heart of the Kindergarteners and many other girls is Mrs. Graves, our "Kentucky" member of the faculty.

A graduate of the Louisville, Kentucky Free Kindergarten Association, Mrs. Graves has done much work along the same line. One year she spent as the principal of a private kindergarten in Louisville. Four years she was principal of the Parent Kindergarten under the Louisville Free Kindergarten Association. During two of the four years Mrs. Graves was superintendent of two kindergartens and critic of all manual work of the Normal Classes of the association.

At the State Normal School in Willimantic, Connecticut, Mrs. Graves was supervisor and teacher of two kindergartens, besides giving the Psychology of Play to the Normal students, taking the general course, and taking charge of the games in Grades 1 and 2.

Since 1904 Mrs. Graves has done much the same work in the Kindergarten and with the girls taking the Kindergarten-Primary course at Normal.



**Helen Nau Schuyler**



**G**ONE but not forgotten! Only one year did we have the pleasure of Miss Schuyler's presence.

A graduate of the Boston Cooking School in 1903, Miss Schuyler held the position of supervisor of household arts at Williamstown, Mass., from 1904 to 1907. The years 1907 to 1912 she spent at the State Normal School at North Adams as supervisor of household arts. September 1913 finds her supervisor of household arts at Forest Glen Seminary, Forest Glen, Maryland.

She has also studied at Columbia Summer School.



Miss H. M. Bugbee

**O**UR Lady of Taconic Hall!—patient and long-suffering—  
always ready to help us through our difficulties as  
well as our pleasures.

Miss Bugbee graduated from the School of Domestic  
Science, Boston, in 1903, and then came to North Adams  
where she has since not only faithfully filled the position of  
matron but has been a mother to us and our many sisters  
who have preceded us.



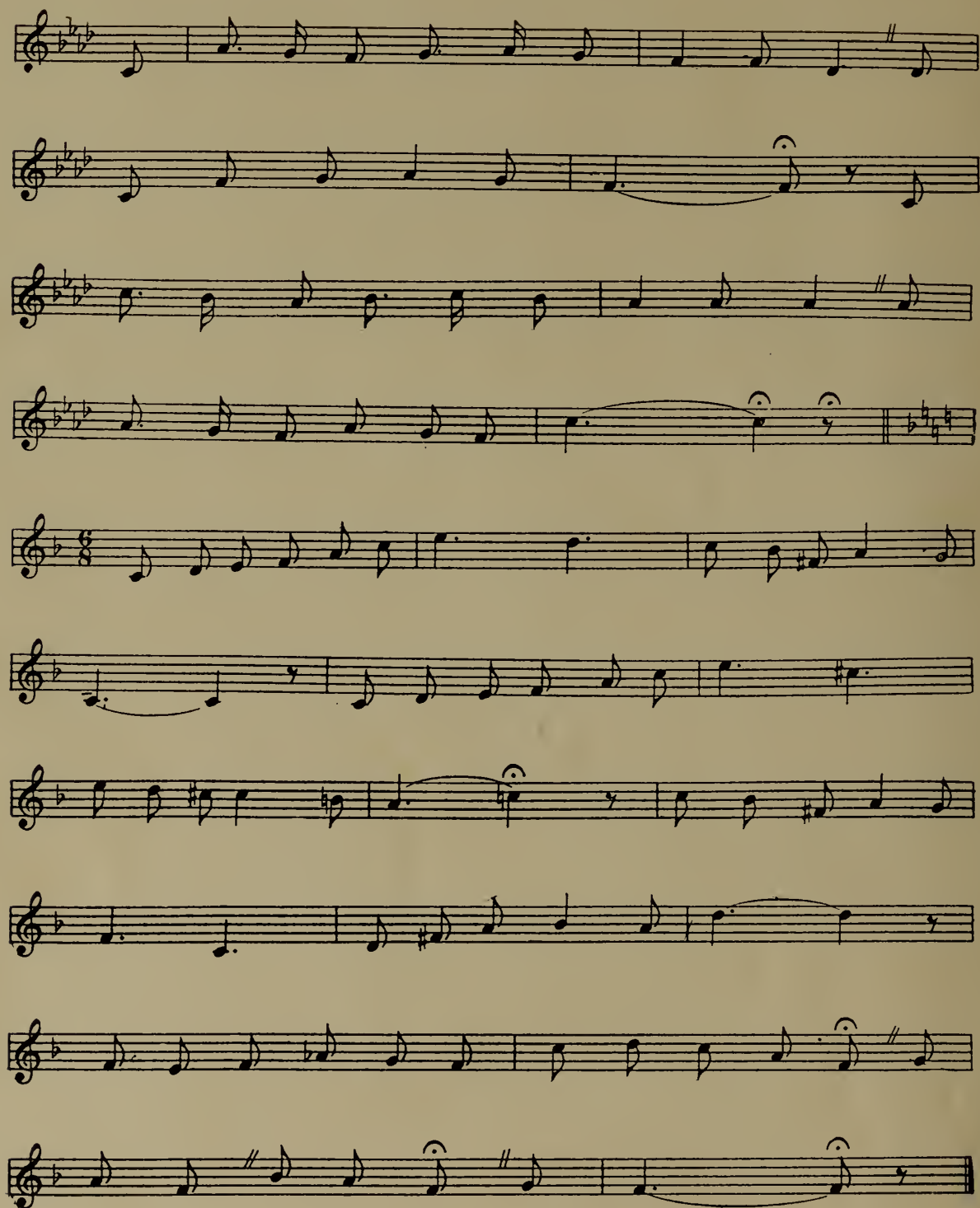




TACONIC HALL



A SCENE IN THE BERKSHIRES



### Class Song

We stand together, classmates,  
Our school days now are o'er,  
But ere we part, to Normal  
We pledge our love once more;  
For in each heart there lingers  
The tho't of years now fled,  
Of hours of toil and pleasure  
At N. A. N. S. we've led.

#### *Chorus*

Then a rousing cheer for Normal,  
Praise to her dear name;  
In each deed of the future  
We'll seek to bring her fame.  
Farewell to Alma Mater,  
For her our praise will be  
Spread broadcast forever  
O class of 1-9-1-3.

The path that is before us  
In mist and shadow lies,  
And where it leads we know not;  
'Tis hidden from our eyes,  
The life we leave behind us  
Glow with a radiant light,  
For each year at dear Normal  
Is rich with mem'ries bright.

Farewell to thee, dear Normal,  
Before us lies the way,  
Regretfully we leave thee—  
And yet we would not stay.  
But midst life's joys and pleasures  
Let us forever be  
Worthy of our Alma Mater  
And the class of 1-9-1-3.



**Myron Elwood Smith**

Myron is our class baby  
Yes and we love him too,  
Rosy and bright and dimpled  
Oh eyes of wondrous hue  
Now listen, you'll hear him coo.

Early in life he is learning,  
Lessons we all must know,  
Walk in the ways that are upright  
Over evil displeasure to show  
O'er life's pathway keep smiling  
Deserving the best here below.

Sent to us when we were Seniors  
Midst all our sighs and tears  
In time of greatest trial,  
To beckon away our fears  
Here's to him, three cheers.

*Class '13*



# The Class of 1913

## Class Officers

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*Treasurer*<sup>1</sup>  
*Recording Secretary*  
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STELLA HAWKINS  
EDNA FEELEY

FRANCES BARRETT, Adams, Mass.

**F**ANNY Barrett, so winsome and sweet,  
Is always regretting she's not more petite,  
So in order to keep from growing too stout  
At all dances in Adams Fanny flutters about.

From Art, we know Fanny will never depart  
For the rules of this science she has learned by heart,  
And when things don't please her you can hear her sing o'er  
"Balance! Rhythm! and Harmony! for evermore."

We know when our Fanny is teaching next year  
She'll bring to her pupils a lot of good cheer,  
For one thing is certain what ever the trials  
She'll face them all brave, and smile her old smile.



RUBY LOUISE BARRETT, Ringe, N. H.

**O**UR modest little lady, with the perpetual smile. Her chief delight in life is combing that hair and arriving at early cooking classes on time. Her main ambition is making lengthy recitations in Science Class.





## PAULINE LLOYD BEADLES, North Adams, Mass.

**T**HERE is Pauline one of the industrious girls of our class. She is one who always tries to be prompt and for that reason manages to be in school long before nine o'clock.

Besides being industrious, she possesses a pleasing personality and makes friends wherever she goes.

Since entering our ranks she has held almost invariably to the motto, "Everybody loves a fat man," but is not inclined to acknowledge it.

Here's hoping that Pauline will succeed in her chosen profession and be sure she will leave us with the well wishes of the class for the future.



## GERTRUDE BICKNELL, Charlemont, Mass.

Gertrude's plump, Gertrude's fair  
Watch the way she does her hair.

**H**URRAH for the Charlemont Girl! The only one of this species in the class. Gertrude has already had one year of experience along our great professional line and to help matters along even better she took the vacation course at the Normal School that same year. "Gert" is one who loves everybody even the teachers and in turn is equally loved by all even by the latter. Here you will find the strongest of conscientiousness and because of this fact she has been asked to fill many trustworthy offices, namely, conducting arithmetic classes in Junior year when the teacher was absent, and acting as House President during the senior year. If any of you do not know what it means to see the phrases, "Watch time," or "Too Slow", written on rectangular pieces of brown paper ask Gertrude, for if I am not mistaken she has these things definitely settled in her mind, and that is the secret of her coming success.



## ELSIE MAY BLANCHARD, North Adams, Mass.

**W**HEN this quiet, demure maiden entered the spacious halls of old Normal, all her classmates expected great things of her. Elsie did not disappoint them. She has had remarkable success with everything she has undertaken, but her supreme excellence has been in making author's books. When asked if she expected to use them in her future life, Elsie replied, "I don't know. I shall probably use 'Field'."

It is rumored that the remarkable success of Martha Finely in her "Elsie Books", has prompted a modern writer to start a new series. Among these will be found, "Elsie and Basket-Ball," "Elsie as an Admirer of Athletics," "Elsie, the Jubilee Singer," "Elsie, the Renowned School-Mistress." But we predict that Elsie will not pursue the latter profession long, but will be the true heroine of "Elsie's New Relations."







ELOISE HUNTINGTON BOORN, Adams, Mass.

**T**HERE is one of our most studious girls. Eloise is very ambitious, often going without her dinner to get a lesson more perfect. If there is anything you wish to know, just go to Eloise and the knowledge will be supplied to you. She is always seen with a large green bag of books on her arm, and anyone can tell her even when she is quite a distance away. Eloise has been very successful through life so far, and we all extend our wishes that her future life may be one of continued brightness and prosperity.

MARY BOUSFIELD, North Adams, Mass.

**A**LTHOUGH I am not good at rhymes,  
To Mary I dictate these lines.  
Each morning her smile makes us glad,  
But if she should seowl we'd feel sad,  
Our sunny, good-natured Mary.

Although Domestic Arts she takes,  
She does it for dear "Blakey's" sake.  
In winter and summer she toils,  
In the cold and the heat she "broils,"  
Our sunny, good-natured Mary.

For two years we toiled together,  
In rainy and pleasant weather.  
And when things seemed to go wrong,  
We were cheered by Mary's song.  
Our sunny, good-natured Mary.

But now at the end of two years,  
She can do anything it appears,  
From stewing and stewing, to boiling and blueing,  
Our sunny, good-natured, dear Mary.



GLADYS LYDIA BUCK, North Adams, Mass.

**G**LADYS, the much travelled maiden of our class, has favored many climes with her residence. Though a North Adams girl she can tell you of the joys of "Sunny Florida;" the mission school in Alabama, where she taught a first grade of ninety pupils; and of her experiences with real cowboys in Montana.

Her homeward path brought Gladys to the little house under the hill where some of us including the "Professor" have had such splendid times. From here, Gladys climbs the hill to Normal, where as a senior and a kindergartener, she also ranks as a musician, the leader of our glee club.



## GRACE ELIZABETH BURNS, Lee, Mass.

THE class of 1913 is most happily honored by having as one of its members a young lady of great dignity as well as exceeding ability in her studies. If at any time doubt was felt in regard to lessons for the next day, it was not at all unusual in order to find out what those lessons were, to make a call upon "Gracie" where at the same time one would surely encounter several other delinquents bent upon the same errand. Miss Grace's abode proved a favorite rendezvous for such as these.



## MARGARET ELEANOR CARR, North Adams, Mass.

YES, that's Margaret. The little lady with the dignified walk. You would hardly think her to be a lover of gymnastics, would you? Yet even before gym. class begins Margaret can be seen taking a lively sprint out of the west door for she is a bit bashful at being seen in any state but that of dignity. Yet we all like her, especially Miss Krogman who gladly answers the telephone during lunch when she knows that she will hear, "May I speak with Miss Carr?"

Margaret is even more popular if such could be, in her life out of school. It used to be just *one* but now she has so many romances that they are too numerous to mention in particular. See Margaret for correct information about this. Also about the Bijou.

Margaret tells us in the class of Education that her brain grows every day so for news of her in the future join a history of Education class and study America's greatest women.



## ELAINE CECELIA CAVANAUGH, Lee, Mass.

SHE is small in stature, but is she small in mind? Indeed no! Why, what questions can Mr. Murdock ask in Education, or Mr. Smith in Geography which she cannot answer? All of this, in spite of the fact, that when you ask Elaine before school, what she knows about certain lessons, her reply invariably is, "I do not know anything because I cannot understand it."

Then there is another line in which she excels. One should see her make the baskets from our gymnasium floor.

Certainly, Elaine would fit in well anywhere.





GENEVIEVE LOUISE CAVANAUGH, Lee, Mass.

“**G**EM” is one of our girls who can always be relied upon, especially in basket ball, for when we want a goal made we just pass the ball over to “Gem” who without the least trouble is sure to put it in.

The time has come when she is of the “marriageable age” (ask her about it) but whether any thing is in sight remains to be seen.

RUTH PHILANCA CHAPEL, Washington, Mass.

**H**ERE is our jolly little “Chappie” who came from the town of Washington to join our ranks. It is doubtless this fact which makes her enjoy Mr. Guss’ classes so much and take such special delight in reading “Government Bulletins.” This may also account for her fondness for “gym” which she attends so regularly that it would scarcely seem like a gymnastic period without her presence.

Possibly it is only because she likes to go to “Chapel” that she visits Williamstown so frequently, but, why did she choose the Domestic Arts Course?

Once “Chappie” was one of our most fun loving members but since the first of January a decided change has taken place in her attitude toward life. I have been forbidden to mention the reason for this but will merely add that she often takes naps after school to make up for lost sleep.

We all wish you the best success, “Chappie”, and with your previous experience in rural districts and your training here we are sure you will achieve it.



LUCY M. M. CUMMINGS, West Stockbridge, Mass.

**T**HERE'S to the girl who seems so shy  
 For ne'er in class will she ask why  
 But when one tries to take his ease  
 She proved to be a dreadful tease.

When on an errand she seems too long  
 We find her lost in "Seigmund's Love Song"  
 For play she will, no matter what haste  
 And ne'er will she hurry, tho' great be the waste.

When in "Lit" we had a contest  
 And all did try their very best,  
 This little lass ne'er took her seat  
 'Till from the Bible they began repeat.

Farewell to you, our quiet lass  
 Who proved so loyal to your class  
 When on Life's wondrous sea you go  
 We know your boat will smoothly row.



MARY VERONICA CUMMINGS, Richmond, Mass.

**M**ARY to strangers,, seems quiet, but to those who know her well,  
 stores of wit and fun appear.

Though it may be hidden, mischief darts from her eyes, and it is her  
 one delight to torment. Ask her to tell you the latest methods for  
 putting out lights in the bathroom, and for removing ink from shirt-  
 waists.

Does Mary get homesick? She eats very little, and why she goes  
 home so often we all wish to know. What makes Richmond so attrac-  
 tive?







MARION CORDELIA DONELSON, Elm Grove, Mass.

**W**E are proud of Marion because of her excellent ideals but she is especially admired by every one for her marked independence of thought. For example, Mr. Murdock said in Education one day, "What animal is an illustration of a parasite, Miss Donelson?" "I was thinking of a plant," replied Marion. "What plant?" "Mistletoe." There may be and we surely hope there is a teacher's pension waiting for you, honored classmate.

MAUD ABIGAL EDSON, Bennington, Vt.

**A**LTHO this girl in our class is very keen, she has the faculty of always saying, "I don't understand what you mean." But we all are very sure that when "the question" is asked she quickly will say, "Why, yes, I understand what you mean."

Here is the girl again who is so exceptionally fine in "Gym", but she is sorely bothered because she finds she has too many thumbs.

In all the work which Maud will undertake, we are sure she will succeed.



EDNA THEODOSIA FEELEY, Pittsfield, Mass.



**E**DNA is one of our Pittsfield girls and we are all glad to recognize her as such. Through her whole normal course, she has been ever jolly for who has ever seen her without half a dozen jokes "up her sleeve!"

Edna has been nicknamed Tetrizinni, a very fitting title for her, as she is constantly trying the "Echo Song," with better results each time. Some of us think she rivals the great singer herself.

Not only in vocal gymnastics does she take first rank, but also in physical exercises. In basket ball, she was always sure to get the ball and hold it, and when a basket she made, her shouts could be heard thru the entire hall.

Let us hope our Edna will pursue her education along the line of some of her talents of which she has so many.

MABEL VERONICA FLAHERTY, North Adams, Mass.

“ ‘TIS the voice of our Mabel; we hear it proclaim,  
 “If you’re speaking of peanuts, that’s *my* middle name.”  
 For she scoured the city till knowledge she boasted  
 Of peanuts, their prices and weight, raw and roasted;  
 And the problems she made, now just let me mention,  
 Have won for her fame at a teachers’ convention.  
 But problems are not the extent of her glory;  
 Her prowess in gym. makes another fine story;  
 Of the current events no items escape her,  
 Save in city elections, she’s our daily paper;  
 She holds a class office; to sing she is able;  
 So an all-around girl, you see, is our Mabel.



MONICA ADELAIDE FLYNN, North Adams, Mass.

“FLYNNY” is one of the jolly North Adams girls of our class. She is fond of talking of “Soil”, the poem “Pitty Pat and Tippytoe” and her “Cummings and Goings”. Moniea is very much interested in Bliss Business College.

We all think Moniea would make an excellent housekeeper for she has had much practical experience and we know that she will have some one to apply her knowledge upon, long before she applies for a pension.



GERTRUDE LILLIAN GALUSHA, Williamstown, Mass.

GERTRUDE or “Gertie” as we call her when we wish to keep her good natured, comes from Williamstown, one of Berkshire’s most treasured spots. Although she did not enter our class until the Senior year she has endeared herself to all her classmates.

She first became prominent through a little experience with a conductor who accused her of attempting to pass as a Normal student instead of a “specialist of humanity.”





MARY HANNAH GLEASON, North Adams, Mass.

**A**ND here we see Mary, a quiet young lass,  
Whose love for a joke, none could ever surpass,  
Although not received in a boisterous way  
The effect of a joke keeps her cheerful all day.

Mary herself is a model of neatness,  
And her disposition a model of sweetness,  
And when we feel sad and in need of good cheer,  
Our faithful friend Mary will always be near.

Her heart and her hand are as open as day;  
And ready to help all who may come her way,  
Her kindness and goodness will always be found  
And if you should need it,—why just come around.



ERA GRACE GROUT, East Arlington, Vermont

**E**RA is small but oh my! There is an old saying, "that a little goes a long ways," and we hope this may be true of "Spunk." For the future information of superintendents and —— (?) we will say that she thrives best under these conditions.

First—She must have balky horses for driving—especially Sunday afternoons—or when catching a train—"Harry up Era")

Second—She must have mountains, fields or sky about her containing many "tone values" upon which to base her wise and learned lectures.

Third—Small house parties in North Adams under the shadow of the Dormitory, consisting of Vermont people and pound boxes of candy.

"Fourth"—She must have a plenty of Vermont banners with which to decorate her room, and "up Greylock" trips, (for exercise!)

Fifth—No "be in at ten" rules.

Sixth—A good springy bed for special vaudeville acts in jumping and dancing.



BERTA ROSALIE HACKEBIEL, Washington, Mass.

**N**O! Not Washington, D. C., tho you might think so. Our Birdie is a New Englander thru and thru. Have you ever heard her say "I'm So Mad"? No? Then you would not appreciate the fact that Birdie is a Dutch New Englander! Like all other birdies ours has a wonderful voice, having sung with great success before Washington audiences many a time. Is this not recommendation enough?

Of all the birdies ours might be said to most resemble the English Sparrow as she always has something to sputter and chatter about. But when there's nothing to trouble her Berta is one of the most quiet, sedate, serene and yet lovable of girls.



RUTH SCOTT HAMER, North Adams, Mass.

**A**LTHOUGH quiet and demure Ruth is one of the most dependable members of our class. She may be grouped among those noted for their fine art and, like some artists, she *may be* a little absent-minded for——Could her mind have been elsewhere one fine morning when, sad to relate, she walked into Literature dressed in her cooking paraphernalia?

Never mind, Ruth. Perhaps some day—— Well, ask the phone.



NORA HELEN HANLEY, Pittsfield, Mass.

**A**ND here is Nora, our class basket Ball star, who won her fame by her high jumps and quickness. We were always sure of her being in the place where she was most needed.

When she first entered Normal School her attention was much given to "Art," that being an outside attraction as well as part of her course.

Later she moved to Pittsfield where she became very much interested in the basket ball games and especially the dances following the games.

Now we find Nora's interests centered elsewhere. While in North Adams, "Kelley" was an intimate friend of hers and now she has found another "Kelley" in Pittsfield. Whether the name or the weekly attendance at the Empire was the attraction is something which you will have to learn from Nora herself.

We will always remember Nora, as our ever ready helper in whatever we needed her; and we wish her great success as she begins her new work.



STELLA MARY HAWKINS, South Shaftsbury, Vt.

**S**TELLA Mary Hawkins—class treasurer and general favorite with both students and teachers. Fond of exciting stories—a rip roarin' old ghost story preferred. Possessed of a faculty for adapting herself to any and every condition or costume from a human ostrich or white rabbit, to a light footed Greek god. We all wish her good luck in the future, hoping that she will be as successful in her profession as she has been in teaching, for we all know she will never be an O. M. after she leaves Normal.



CATHERINE HOLLERAN, Adams, Mass.

**T**HERE is one of our jolliest girls. No matter where you see Kit you see her sunny smile. Nothing ever worries her. She is always sure things will come out all right.

It has always been a source of wonder to us that she has been so fond of "Jim" during her stay here and although she very seldom takes an active part in any of the games, she is a very enthusiastic basketball "Fan."

Success has crowned everything she has undertaken thus far and we all hope it will follow her throughout the future.



MABEL AGNES HOLLERAN, North Adams, Mass.

**I**F you can keep on studying when to all about you  
Mabel is telling about the "game";

If you can stay in school when that one taunts you,

But keep on learning just the same;

If you can listen to the "Dinn" of life and still be happy,

Or hear about the moving pictures, but not go,

Or having such a "Pal" don't seem to mind it,

And yet don't miss a lesson, or miss show;

If you can plug—and not make others think you do it;

If you can get up and be at school at seven,

If you can go to all the shows and dances

And never think of being tired even,

If you can bear to tell what you think of "Education"

And stand up and say it again without fear,

You are the girl that will surely get thru Normal,

And which is more—you'll be a success my dear.





GERTRUDE AGNES HURLBUT, North Adams, Mass.

**A**H! Here is "Gert," one of the liveliest and jolliest girls in our class. She came to us from Drury Academy with the epithet of "the class baby", but in two years we have seen her develop from a giddy school girl into a "sedate" (?) and dignified "school-marm."

In the gymnasium Gertrude distinguished herself, and her clever guarding and accurate throws in basket ball have been our pride and delight.

Not satisfied with the number and kind of friends she has made at Normal, Gertrude has been cultivating outside acquaintances of a different sort lately.

Wherever she may go the class of 1913 wishes her success.

FRANCES AUGUSTA KELLY, North Adams, Mass.

**A**MONG the members of our class,  
We find this young, sweet, winsome lass,  
So full of life; so full of cheer,  
She is to all, a friend so dear.

Oft at the quiet close of day,  
Far down the street she wends her way;  
When Father asks the reason why,  
"To church I'm goin,'" she makes reply.

But to the Bijou she will go,  
To sit with John in the front row;  
Next morn at one minute of nine,  
She slowly takes her place in line.

Yet when she plays with us in "Gym,"  
We always know we're sure to win,  
While at the game, we hear her call,  
"Ma-belle! Ma-belle! Throw me the ball!"

You're small in size, yet large in heart,  
Is work or flirting your fine art?  
You're all right, Blondie, you're true blue,  
Farewell, Frances, good luck to you!





LILA FAIRCHILD KROGMAN, Pittsfield, Mass.

LILA first came to "the house on the hill" from the Green Mountain state as a vacation student, but in 1912 she became a member of our noted class and as such proved most loyal and true.

Not only does this "Fair child" stand in the first rank in her studies, but also in the other side of school life which takes the form of recreation, for in basket ball games she helped us win our victories. In her senior year another phase of her ability, her great executive power, was realized by the most successful way in which she managed "The County Fair." Last but not least of her many accomplishments is singing.

Lila always has a smile and an encouraging word for all who come her way, and when she leaves dear old Normal in June she will go with the best wishes of her classmates and teachers.



LOTTIE IDA LACEY, Pittsfield, Mass.

"Lucy" Lacey, so sweet and shy,  
Who came to us from Pittsfield High,  
Is one who works early and late,  
We all shall "Grant" she's quite sedate.

Altho' we know her eyes are blue,  
To him with brown eyes she'll be true;  
For tho' she likes old Normal Hall,  
She hopes to join him in the Fall.

On Friday nights she's sure to roam,  
To the dear old place she calls her home,  
But we can guess the reason why  
For Grant she has been known to sigh.

On Monday she returns to school,  
To live again under the rule  
Of the "Dorm" life so still and strict  
Where Lottie plays her old time trick.

Lucy, Lottie, may be your name,  
But to the class you're e'er the same,  
Whether you roam on land or sea  
You take best wishes from one nine, one three.







MARY FRANCES LASHWAY, North Adams, Mass.

**F**RANCES is very demure in appearance and always clothed in a smile. Her blush is in perfect harmony with her flaxen hair and light blue eyes.

Amidst the confusion and noise just before nine, Frances strolls into Assembly Hall. Did she stop to review the "Transcript" again? Girls, why does that paper have such charms for her?

Even though she does not always have her lessons prepared for Monday, we feel sure she will be successful in whatever she may undertake after leaving Normal.

MATTIE MAUD LESURE, North Adams, Mass.

**M**ATTIE, one of the charter members of our class, has been a conscientious worker and faithful stand-by.

Having taught before coming to Normal, she realized the importance and difficulties of teaching and felt the need of special preparation for this "noble" profession.

She is so much in love with "Si" that she has a happy faculty of borrowing her neighbor's books and then forgetting that she has them. Never mind, Mattie, we know that your intentions were good and we wish you the best of success in your work.



MARY THERESA MAHON, Pittsfield, Mass.

**E**VERY morning Mary, one of our quiet girls, wends her way from Pittsfield to our Normal School, very seldom arriving before eight forty-five.

Mary has shown her brilliancy in many ways especially in Mr. Murdock's Education where she was the first to stand before the class with her broad shoulders and to look her mates in the eyes.

Mary has been very successful at teaching and we hope she will continue so although we have our suspicions that she will be offered a position in "Martin's" store to sell "Dan" Cupid's arrows.



MARJIE RUTH MALLERY, North Adams, Mass.

**M**ARJIE is the girl who is noted for her many and varied accomplishments. In "gym" she excels in fancy dancing and is always ready to show us a new step. Her merry laugh is well known and is far reaching in its fame. As an entertainer at the piano she has helped us pass many pleasant hours.



EVELYN FRANCES MONTAGUE, West Hampton, Mass.

**E**VELYN Montague, our stately queen, comes to us from West Hampton. She is not only very much liked by all of her own classmates, but members of the Junior class have been known to enjoy her society frequently. If you visit her room, you will always find Evelyn conscientiously engaged in studying or discussing some current topic.



ANNA IDELLA MORRIS, Franklin, Mass.

**N**AN, our basketball girl from Franklin, is one of the latest additions to our senior class. Coming as she has from the Providence normal, she has acquired a great taste for theatricals. Just as there are codes in telegraphy and stenography, there are codes in theatricals from Nan's point of view, but they are changing constantly. Will someone ask her where "Code 'E' " is, just at present?



RUTH ST. CLAIRE MORRISON, Lenox, Mass.



**W**HEN all is quiet and still,  
 Along the hall and stair—  
 As though she were a wandering cloud—  
 A black haired girl draws near.

“Who is it?” you anxiously ask—  
 Why Ruth of Lenox, I mean,  
 You know the one that pinches so,  
 The one that makes you scream.

She’s of the quiet, generous sort,  
 Industrious, loves to sew,  
 Quite a housewife she would make,  
 For “Doctor So and So.”

After dinner some like music,  
 Others “rag-time” talk,  
 But let Ruth get an evening paper,  
 And she’ll tell you to “take a walk.”

But we bear her no ill feelings  
 For those dainty little pranks,  
 And we hope as she leaves on her travels,  
 She’ll be foremost in the ranks.

DOROTHY MURDOCK, North Adams, Mass.

**A** LEADER indeed is fair Dorothy! Faithful has she been to the  
 “one-three” class as well as to dear “Old Normal.”

(But, Dorothy, do you ever dream of books?)

The greatest tribute we can pay her is that she is our principal’s  
 “own” daughter.

Success is yours, class-mate!



KATHRYN MARIE NASH, Cheshire, Mass.

**A**ND here is "Kit", our Class President, whose bright and happy smile has often cheered us.

If you want the meaning of a word, go to "Kit," for she is our "Walking Dictionary," and is ever ready to impart such knowledge to those who wish it.

She may also be called our "Psychological Shark," for she not only traced our ancestry for us, but also discovered our relation to the stars.

"Kit" is always pleased when the "Bill(s)" from Pittsfield arrive, but for further knowledge on this topic, we must speak with her alone.

She is very well versed in educational work, "Dartmouth College," being her favorite educational institution.

"Kit" has ruled us as Senior President most successfully, and we hope that all her efforts in future life will be crowned with the same good success.



SARAH ADA NETTLETON, Stockbridge, Mass.

**J**UDGING from her every-day appearance, one would say that Sarah was doing the work she was fitted for. But how well do we, who know her best, know what a mistake was made when she came to Normal School. For as an "actorine" one might well say she would rival those renowned favorites, Miss Dalton and Mr. Cody. As it is now, we must be content to see her in private theatricals, doing love scenes with ardour that even Dorothy Dalton would envy.



ALICE LUCILLE NORCOTT, North Stratford, N. H.

**T**HAT dark girl with the pensive eyes? Why, that's Lucille! She hails from New Hampshire, and many and wonderful are the tales she tells of that wild country.

She has no love for North Adams; in fact, many a time has she declared she "hates the old place," and wishes herself back in North Stratford. Still Pittsfield and Williamstown exert their call and when summer comes she loathes to go.

Lucille is one of our best basket-ball players and when she is your guard, look out! She loves her chosen profession, and unless all signs fail, will make a brilliant success of it.







ELLEN ELIZABETH O'BRIEN, Stockbridge, Mass.

**B**ETTY, though little, is active and wise,  
The baskets in gym she makes are sights for all eyes!

She goes to bed early and rises up late,  
But on time to breakfast is always her fate!

Her words bubble forth like a ne'er ceasing spring,  
And it's always from Betty we hear the right thing.

RACHEL CLEORA PARSONS, Southampton, Mass.

**R**ACHEL is one of our girls who took a long time in deciding to leave her home-town in order to spend two years at the "little yellow house on the hill" in order to become a teacher. Yet we did not blame her in the least, and now we feel certain she will never teach long enough to obtain a pension.

Rachel is a fond lover of ice-cream and one who seems to never tire of it. She also is an ardent admirer of red neck-ties (when worn by others,) but we forbore to tell what she says when asked to wear one herself.

Although we feel certain Rachel's career as a teacher will not be lengthy, yet we know it will be most successful.



MARGARET ALEXINA POPE, Dorchester, Mass.

**T**HERE'S to our popular representative of Dorchester, Mass., who withstood for one year the duties of being Class President, but, in so doing, lost considerable of her avoirdupois. "Pokey" is suggestive only of her name, not of her great mental accomplishments including her ability to lead the third floor concerts at the Hall, and to set the hour for returning after vacation. We wonder what she thinks of punctuality now.



MABELLE RUTH RAGUSE, Shelburne Falls, Mass.

**M**AB Raguse, our Shelburne Falls girl,  
As straight and staunch as any Earl  
Is said by all with whom she walks  
To exceed the limit with her stalks.

She is our star at basket ball,  
Because she is so very tall,  
And when she plays against the teachers  
They soon take seats upon the bleachers.

We're always glad when ill a-bed  
To hear her never failing tread,  
Then she comes in to talk awhile,  
And always leaves us with a smile.



KATHERINE ANNA REILLY, North Adams, Mass.

**A**MONG the short girls of our class,  
Katherine Reilly will surely pass,  
Her eyes are blue, her hair is light,  
Her face with smiles is always bright.

On Monday noon to gym she'll go  
To do the stunts we all love so,  
And when the hour hand points to three,  
The Highland Fling "Kit" does with glee.

On Tuesday and on Friday night,  
She wends her way 'neath stars sobright  
To ehureh, where all good people go,—  
You never see her at the show.

The time is quickly drawing nigh  
When to the class she'll say "Good-bye."  
But "Kit" whene'er on land or sea,  
Good luck from seniors goes with thee.



EMMA PAULINE ROBENSTEIN, Pittsfield, Mass.



**S**HE is fair, fat, and funny,  
She is sage, strong, and sunny,  
With the heaviest of troubles,  
She is always making bubbles.

Neither man nor youth can phase her  
Nothing ever daunt or 'maze her;  
An army could stand, and face  
And not for worlds give up her place.

There you have it snug and fat;  
That is how she looks things at!  
May she always see them so!  
And to teaching smiling go!

MARY ELIZABETH ROBINSON, Bennington, Vt.

**M**ARY Robinson or better known as Molly, came to us from Bennington. The girl from the "Old Green Mountain State", entered freely into social life and school activities and drew about her a large circle of friends. Dancing and "500" and amusing "stunts" proved a diversion when she wearied of the development of the intellect. When school duties threatened to interfere with loyalty to her Alma Mater (Bennington) there was a collision—almost. Of course school should not be held on New Year's Day! Loyalty to school is highly commendable and we trust that Normal will become a second Alma Mater. We wonder why Molly is so interested in gymnastics. Some have hinted at an interest in baseball or a player. But we scorn the idea—for nothing less than a position as teacher of Folk Dancing or—possibly of Music, will satisfy the modest ambition of our classmate. But whatever her choice in life, we feel assured that Molly will be successful.



JENNY ROSENBERG, North Adams, Mass.



**J**ENNY Rosenberg is a girl whom we shall always remember as the one who recited "Nothing to Say, My Daughter," so many times and with such feeling that we were convinced that experience must be back of her dramatic rendering.

Her sweet disposition and ever cheerful smile have made her a general favorite at school and we feel sure that she will be just as great a favorite with the children in that "country school" and, if we may be allowed to prophesy, those brown eyes of hers will surely bewitch the "youngest member of the school-board."

HELEN RYAN, North Adams, Mass.

**A**T three minutes of nine Helen is seen wending her way past Mark Hopkins School, carrying the "Destiny of Man" under her arm.

Although Helen is always quiet and unobtrusive, she dazzles the audience at the games with her long goal throwing.

We know that Helen will be successful in teaching and the best wishes of the class go with her.



ROSA ANNA SCHULTES, Great Barrington, Mass.

**A**MONG the members of our class  
Is this bright smiling lass  
And even in her greatest pain  
We ne'er did hear this girl complain.

Ne'er was she known from task to fade  
Until she tried to make a shade.  
Long did she labor, but in vain,  
All her attempts did bring her pain.

Though her ideals are high as steeples  
She has a fancy for short peoples,  
And often in her daily walks,  
She meets this friend to whom she talks.

She loves to cook, she loves to sew  
But most of all she loves her "bow"  
When in the field of Life's long strife  
We know she'll prove a loving wife.



CATHERINE SINNOTT, North Adams, Mass.

**C**ATHERINE came to us from St. Joseph's and she has endeared herself to all by her quiet and unassuming ways. Although she is considered a quiet girl by strangers those who know her well can tell you that she is always ready for a good time and to help others have one. The charm of her manner will always be remembered by those who came in contact with her here and we know the same will gain for her new friends wherever she goes.



## LEILA VERITY SMITH, Boston, Mass.



**T**HIS young lady is one of our select Boston trio. One who is accustomed to hear her recite could never mistake her native town, for Leila is wondrous wise! But in spite of the fact that so much knowledge is hers, she manages to keep happy as her sunny smile indicates.

If we might venture to guess, we would say that music is her hobby, for she delights in the joys of opera and of sympathy,—indeed so much so that she fairly revels in their reproduction on the Victor! Leila is also intensely athletic and has won renown as a basket-ball player.

She is one of the illustrious Kindergarteners, and is so very fond of the work that she even takes it up in the summer-time. Such is ambition! Leila will take away with her the best wishes of the class and leave behind a memory which will long endure.

## MARGARET LOUISE SMITH, North Adams, Mass.

**M**ARGARET, one of our most attractive and popular girls thought twice before she chose the kindergarten course. If she follows this career she will render professional service to the community but those who know her feel that she has already rendered much public service in a commercial way, especially to "Uncle Sam" and the jeweller.



## LORA ANNIE WARD, Amherst, Mass.



**A** GIRL of great fame is our "Laury," one of our Domestic Arts girls. Should she ever tire of her vocation we are sure she might become a second "Tetrazzini." Great was our surprise at her "appearance" in the Old Folk's Concert.





HENRIETTA MARGARET WELLS, Roxbury, Mass.

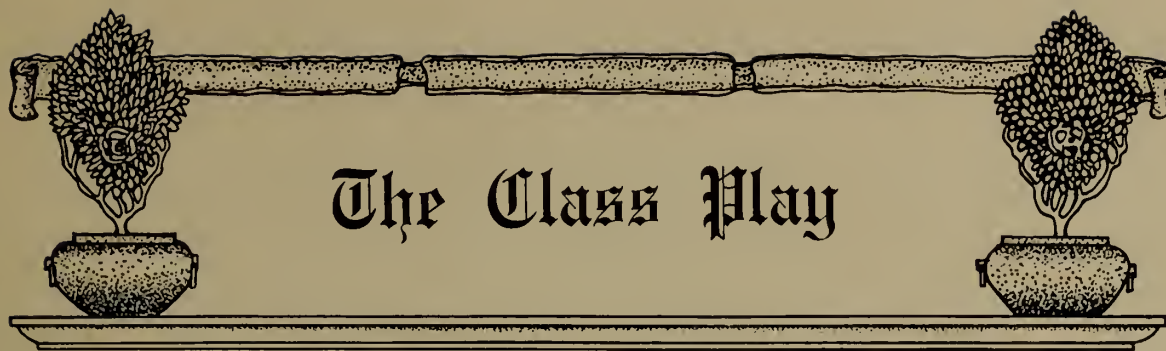
**S**OME call her Henrietta and some call her Margaret but she answers to both in her good natured way that everyone knows so well. She is "little, but oh — my!" and is most entertaining when she talks because of the way she rolls her eyes. It is perfectly natural however, and I think all who know her will agree in this, as well as in the fact that she has never been heard to say a real cross word. We all hope she may have a school near Boston, to which she is so loyal and also wish her the best of good luck.







SENIOR DRAMATICS



# The Class Play

## Endymion

A play based on the old Greek myth of "Endymion and Artemis."

Artemis, Queen of the Night and of the Hunt, and especial guardian of maidens, once saw Endymion, son of King Aeolus, and fell in love with him. She, thereupon, offered him immortality, if he would leave his home and come and join her train; and when he refused to forsake his earthly love, she threw him into an eternal sleep and carried him away to Olympus, where she could look upon his beauty and keep perpetual watch over him.

ACT I. SCENE—Outskirts of a forest at the foot of Mt. Olympus.  
 ACT II. SCENE—The same.  
 ACT III. SCENE—The same place the following day.

## Characters

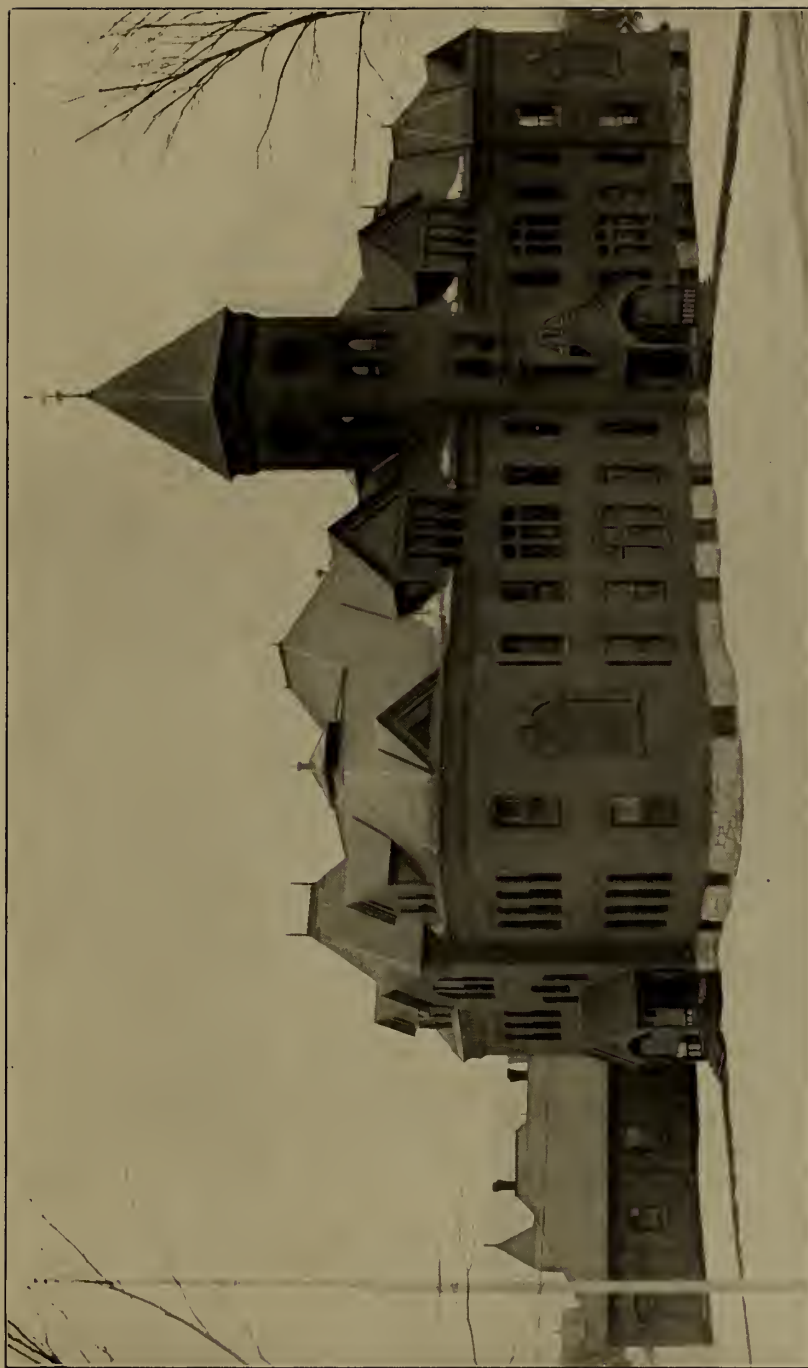
|  |                     |                     |
|--|---------------------|---------------------|
| ENDYMION, a prince                     |                     | Lila Krogman        |
| PHYRNIA, with whom Endymion is in love |                     | Kathryn Nash        |
| EUMENIDES, friend of Endymion          |                     | Mabel Raguse        |
| KALLISTHENES, Eumenides' betrothed     |                     | Gladys Buck         |
| KING AEOLUS    Endymion's parents      |                     | Dorothy Murdock     |
| QUEEN HERMIA                           |                     | Evelyn Montague     |
| ERITHOE                                | } Greek Maidens     | Lucille Norcott     |
| DORIS                                  |                     | Henrietta Wells     |
| CALYCE                                 |                     | Margaret Smith      |
| THALIEA                                |                     | Margie Mallery      |
| PHAEON                                 |                     | Maud Edson          |
| ADMETIS                                | } Greek Youths      | Mabel Flaherty      |
| TIMON                                  |                     | Emma Robenstein     |
| ALCIDES                                |                     | Elsie Blanchard     |
| DIOMED                                 |                     | Gertrude Hurlburt   |
| 1st Priest                             | } of Temple of Zeus | Grace Burns         |
| 2d "                                   |                     | Pauline Beadles     |
| 3rd "                                  |                     | Ruth Hamer          |
| 1st Guard                              |                     | Genevieve Cavanaugh |
| 2d Guard                               |                     | Sarah Nettleton     |
| A PAGE                                 |                     | Katherine Reilly    |
| 1ST LADY                               |                     | Mary Robinson       |

|   |                    |
|---|--------------------|
| 2D LADY   | Catherine Holleran |
| ARTEMIS goddess of the chase and of the moon and special<br>guardian of maidens | Margaret Pope      |
| MORPHEUS, god of sleep  | Leila Smith        |
| HERMES, messenger of the gods,  | Stella Hawkins     |
| 1ST DRYAD   | Mabel Holleran     |
| 2D        "   | Margaret Carr      |
| 3D        "   | Era Grout          |
| 4TH       "   | Ruth Chapel        |
| 5TH       "   | Nora Hanley        |
| 1ST MAIDEN  | Marion Donelson    |
| 2D        "   | Rachel Parsons     |
| 3D        "   | Mary Gleason       |
| 4TH       "   | Catherine Sinnott  |

**A**RTISTIC settings, attractive girls in beautiful Grecian costumes, graceful dances, and pretty electrical effects, were all included in the play, "Endymion," which was given by the senior class of the state normal school in normal hall, North Adams, May 23rd. The audience was delighted with the presentation of the pretty play, which is based on the Greek myth of "Endymion and Artemus." It was entirely different from anything ever presented and was proclaimed the best given in recent years.

The scenes showed the outskirts of a forest at the foot of Mt. Olympus. Phyrnia, with whom Endymion is in love, Eumenides, friend of Endymion, and his betrothed Kallisthene, are found in the forest surrounded by several Greek maidens and youths, enjoying an outing. Games are played and many pretty dances executed. Endymion arrives, but is notable to find Phyrnia, and tells his story of love to Eumenides, who then goes off to join the merry makers who have gone to the river bank. While Endymion is sitting alone in the forest, Artemus, goddess of the chase, appears and falls in love with him, and when he refuses to give up his love for Phyrnia, she calls Morpheus, God of Sleep, to weave a spell from which no one but she can waken him. Meanwhile Hermes comes to Morpheus and has the charm changed so that Endymion now may be awakened by any one that will be willing to give his or her dearest possession. Morpheus weaves her spell and scatters poppies in a circle into which Endymion walks and he falls into a heavy slumber. The merry makers returning to the forest find him, and Phyrnia, thinking he is dead, is unconsolable. Eumenides, rather than have his friend, Endymion, as a sacrifice to the goddess, offers Kallisthene, his betrothed and dearest possession, to the gods if they will restore Endymion. Meanwhile the spell is broken, Endymion is restored to Phyrnia and Artemus appears and proclaims her good will to Endymion and once more joins Eumenides and Kallisthene.

The cast was drilled by Miss M. L. Baright of the Normal faculty, while the dances were taught by Miss Grace Purcell. Miss Edna Feeley of the Senior class played for the dances, while between the acts a fine program of music was given by Mrs. Harry Marshall, violinist, and Miss Ruth Bartlett, pianist.



MARK HOPKINS SCHOOL





GLEE CLUB



# GLEE CLUB

A decorative illustration featuring a cherub with curly hair and wings, seated and playing a long, slender wind instrument, possibly a flute or a recorder. The cherub is positioned behind a large, horizontal musical staff that spans the width of the page. The staff contains several measures of music, including treble and bass clefs and various note values. The entire scene is rendered in a simple, line-art style with a light beige background.

## Members

|                    |   |  |   |  |   |  |   |  |   |  |                                |
|--------------------|---|--|---|--|---|--|---|--|---|--|--------------------------------|
| GLADYS L. BUCK     | - |  | - |  | - |  | - |  | - |  | <i>Leader</i>                  |
| LEILA V. SMITH     | - |  | - |  | - |  | - |  | - |  | <i>Secretary and Treasurer</i> |
| ELSIE M. BLANCHARD | - |  | - |  | - |  | - |  | - |  | <i>Librarian</i>               |
| MARJIE R. MALLERY  | - |  | - |  | - |  | - |  | - |  | <i>Pianist</i>                 |

KATHERINE BAGNALL  
MARY BOUSFIELD  
MARGARET BROWNING  
JESSIE R. CAMPBELL  
MARGARET E. CARR  
EDNA T. FEELEY  
BERTHA H. FINDLAY  
BERTHA HACKEBEIL  
STELLA M. HAWKINS  
MARION L. HUTCHINGS  
EVELYN KELLOGG

LILA F. KROGMAN  
E. RUTH McDONALD  
ANNA I. MORRIS  
KATHRYN NASH  
RACHEL C. PARSONS  
EMMA P. ROSENSTEIN  
MARGARET L. SMITH  
CLARA M. SPENCER  
ELVA M. STRATFORD  
KATHRYN STREETER  
NINA L. STURTEVANT

## Normal Call



## Glee Club Notes

**T**HERE were but few of us left to rally at Miss Searle's call for our first glee club meeting this year. We missed the old members and were glad to welcome the new.

Rehearsals began at once with those time honored "up and down by 100" exercises. The usual suggestions of "open your mouths, girls," were given, and only Miss Searle knows how much good they did.

With trembling knees, but smiling faces we marched in, on the evening of April 4, to render the results of our efforts. Altho it was raining out of doors, we found a goodly number assembled and did our best. The program was somewhat varied by the solo sung by one of our gifted junior members, Marion Hutchings; the accompaniment with her violin of Emma Robenstein for Hoffman's "Boat Song" and a double quartet. How the latter worked to make the dog bark in "The Little Dog Barked," only they can tell you. At least we know that he (or shall we say they) barked in the end.

Mrs. Marshall's work was as delightful as ever. We appreciate her efforts to make our concert a success.

However, it is to Miss Searle that we turn with heart-felt gratitude for her faithful service spent in our behalf. What would ever have become of our club if it hadn't been for her cheerful "Why of course you can do it girls," we tremble to think. We wish to thank her for her interest and careful planning, her encouragement and her apparent faith in us.

—Gladys L. Buck





# ATHLETICS



**G**YMNASIUM! That most bewildering of names! Do you remember the first day in "gym?" How we gazed with astonishment at one another, from our feet up to our heads? We started immediately to learn those most beloved exercises, which, we were told by our energetic physical director, would make us strong and perfect ladies. Going up and down vertical ladders; climbing up and sliding down vertical and oblique ropes, were practised so diligently and patiently, both in "gym" and in our dreams, that, before we received the distinguished name of "Seniors", we showed the world our wonderful ability in the athletic line.

Can you recall those delightful walks we used to take last fall? All the distinguished places of North Adams; the Five Roads; Windsor Lake; Natural Bridge and the Tunnel, held open doors for our entrance. Hark! Did I hear a faint echo of the word, Bijou? That surely was one of North Adams' distinguished and widely known places; but, we won't say a word about that, for, no matter where our sprightly steps led us, we were always eager to return to the candy stores and our homes.

"What team are you going to bet on today, Miss Skeele? Bet on the side with the red markers, they always win. No. Bet on the blue side." These, and many other such familiar words were heard in the gymnasium on "gym" days; and it may be said right here and now, that whether the red markers were magic ones or whether they were just plain lucky ribbons, it is a positive fact that the side, which wore the red markers always had the pleasure of lowering the colors of the blue team.

It was with great pleasure that one evening the Juniors, 1914, lined up against the Seniors, 1913, for the annual Senior and Junior basket-ball games. We had heard a great deal about the Juniors' playing. What good guarders they were; (and to be sure they did teach us some new methods of guarding.) What great basket shooters they were; but, what did we care? Were we not better all around players than they? Of course. And so it was with great confidence that we took our places on the floor and faced our opponents.

The whistle blew. The ball was thrown up into the air, and play started. We were gradually losing during the game, but we at no time lost a bit of confidence in ourselves, until at the close of the game, we, the Senior Class of 1913, had to leave the floor acknowledging the fact that we had been defeated.

From this time on, we determined to practice more in basket-ball, and our games later showed the result of this practice.



## Basketball



**D**URING the Senior year, the basket ball girls organized themselves into two teams known as the Taconics and the Berkshires. The Taconic team was composed of members of the class belonging to the dormitory. The Berkshire team was composed of town girls.

*Taconics*  
Raguse  
Krogman  
Pope  
Hawkins  
Smith

*Berkshire*  
Norcott  
Ryan  
Edson  
Flaherty  
Hanley

We did not play the regular game of basket-ball, but we put before the public a new game, wherein each team was entitled to three fourths of the floor. Some of the rules of the game are as follows: the goal of each team is changed after every basket shot. A basket counts two points; a foul one point. The game is very interesting and we do not get so fatigued by covering only three fourths of the floor as we would by covering the entire floor. Other games played were, Stationary Basket Ball and Double Goal. Dances were also given and enjoyed.

While in our Junior year we won many loyal allies to the cause of Woman's Suffrage, and it was in the following manner that they showed their spirit.

Two teams were got up with Seniors and Juniors on each team. The teams were the Anti-Suffragettes and the Suffragettes. The gymnasium was trimmed with large posters of "Votes for Women", and a mascot dressed in green and purple, otherwise recognized as Odná Monat, ushered the visitors to their seats. The program for the evening included, Basket-ball, End Ball, and Dances. As we all know the success of the Suffragette movement in this country so far, it is needless to say, they were not successful in the games.

The Basket Ball lineup was as follows:

*Anti-Suffragettes*  
Allen  
O'Brien  
Tower  
Norcott  
Brown  
Gelinas

*Suffragettes*  
Blanchard  
Hanley  
Roach  
Hawkins  
Loomis  
O'Shea

Score: Anti-Suffragettes 8, Suffragettes 5. Baskets: Roach, Loomis, Tower, O'Brien, Brown, Gelinas. Free try: Roach. Time, 10 minutes. Referee, Miss Skeelee.

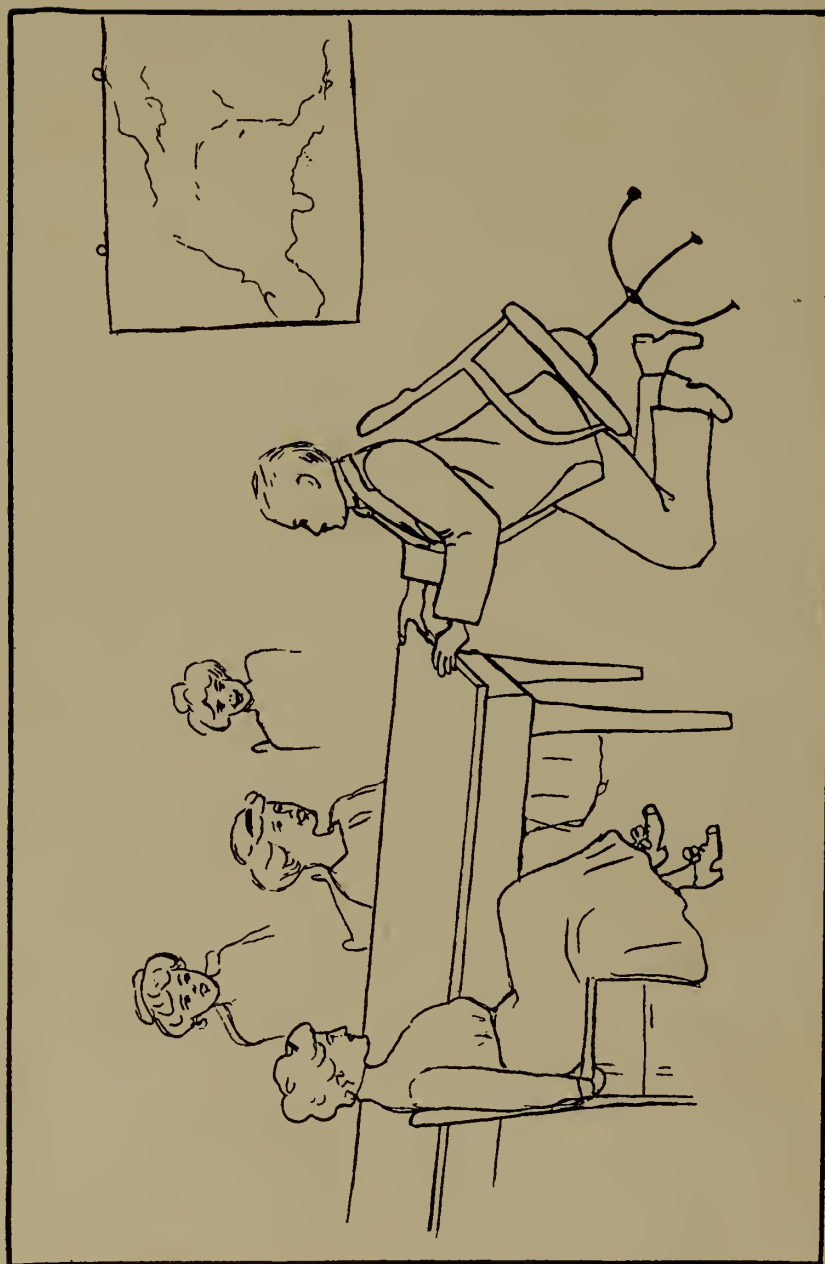


There is no need to say how much pleasure we derived from our games, and we feel that besides all the fun we had, we have secured something from our physical training which will be a benefit to us when we are far away from the normal school. As for patient Miss Skeelee. We cannot render enough thanks to her for her untiring work in our behalf, and it will be with great zeal, that we enter into the physical and athletic training of our future pupils, always keeping our beloved instructor in mind.

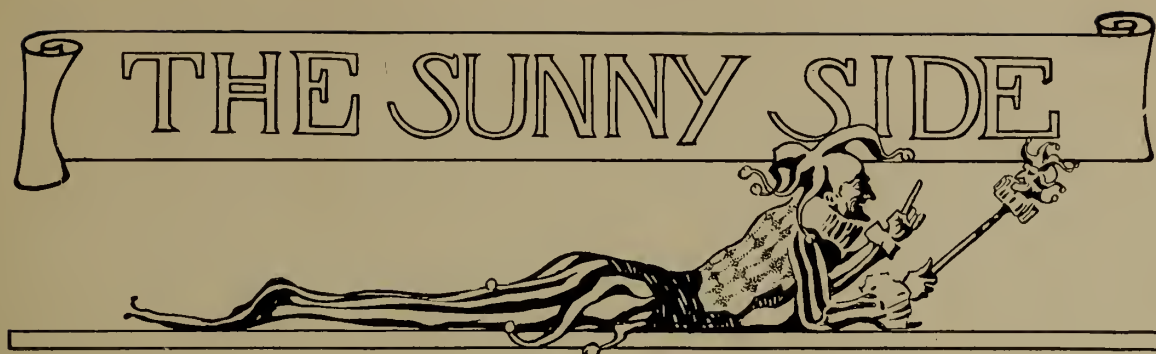
And so, it is without hesitation that I say, the memory of our "gym" days will always be among the most pleasant pleasures which it has been our good fortune to enjoy while at the Normal.

*Nora H. Hanley*





HOW TO MAKE A LANDSLIDE ALIVE TO CHILDREN



## Junior Year September 1911, June 1912

Words of advice from Miss Pearson:

Always keep in mind the part principles: balance, rhythm, harmony. Having these you have a work of art.

Observe the beauties of nature.

You may borrow my compass, but I'd rather you had your own.

Remembrances of Miss Searle:

Be very observant.

See me at once.

What is the unit of measure?

Solve it by unitary analysis.

We observe with our eyes and not with our lips.

Throw out your voice. Send it toward the steeple.

Words of advice from Mr. Guss:

Girls, be sure and wear your rubbers.

*Soil* is not *dirt*.

Remember girls, horses don't pull, they push.

Mr. Smith—"Why is the answer that Physical Geography should come last correct?"

Miss Hamer—"Because it doesn't come first."

A woman's answer "Because."

Mr. Smith—"What does the date 1492 stand for?"

Miss Krogman—"The Landing of the Pilgrims."

Mr. Smith—"We raise most of the farm implements in this country."

"I do, I really think so."

Mr. Smith—"In teaching a map, how would you make the children see dirt?"

Pupil—"Show a map covered with dust."

Why did Kit Holleran suggest the electric "Fan"?

Kit, why not use a telephone "Jimmy"?

Eighth grade pupil to Miss Flaherty, "Do we send an ambassador to Alghanistan?"

Where is it Mabel?

## A few remarks from the Psychology Class

Mr. Murdock—"Have you found out your relation with the stars?"

Miss Nash—"We are made of the same material as the stars, therefore are related to them."

Mr. Murdock (to class)—"Any questions?"

Miss Hulburt—"Why don't we shine?"

Mr. Murdock—"Did you ever see a plant like parasite you enjoyed?"

Miss Donelson—"Yes—the mistletoe."

Mr. Murdock—"Why has the camel a hump?"

Miss Boorn—"To carry water."

Mr. Murdock—"When children are rebellious, for what are they begging?"

Miss Donelson—"A whipping."

Mr. Murdock—"How old is your mind?"

M. Holleran—"As old as you are."

Miss Waterman—"How many of you are not here?"

## Grammar, Literature and Reading

Miss Baright—"Show that the author wishes us to feel admiration for Sir Launfal."

Miss Carr (reads passage)

Miss Baright—"You show more pity than admiration for the man."

Miss Baright—"In the sentence, 'The book is in the closet'; what is *in the closet*?"

Miss Hanley—"The book."

Miss Baright—"What gender is 'dear'?"

Miss Kelley—"Neuter gender."

Miss Baright—"Wouldn't you rather have it masculine?"



Miss Baright—Where are you supposed to be standing when reading about a high mountain?

Miss Grout—On your toes.

Miss Krogman naming stories she has read said, "And I have almost finished 'My Friend the Doctor'."

Don't be too hard on him Lila.

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## Miscellaneous

Mrs. Couch—She was absent all day Wednesday in the morning.

Miss Murdock—What is something that is ridiculous?

Sixth grade girl (casting a glance at a student's skirt) replied, 'Hobble skirts.'

Arithmetic students may inquire of Mary Gleason concerning the "Unitarian Analysis."

Elaine Cavanaugh—Those must be Jersey cows.

Lottie Lacey—Perhaps, but they look more like registered cows to me.

Miss Knowlton (to Misses Nash and Holleran)—You'd better put that salad on two dishes.

Miss Nash (looking fondly at the salad)—It seems a shame to spoil it.

Mr. Guss—What advantage is there in putting salt on cabbages?

Miss Blanchard—If it should rain it would pickle the worms.



## Woman's Duty to Fight for the Ballot

**I**T is natural for woman to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise women, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for suffrage?

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past; and, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the manner in which the men who govern have treated us to justify the hopes with which conservative women have been pleased to solace themselves. Is it the manner with which our petitions have been lately received? It cannot be for they have been received with sarcasm and ridicule.

Let us not deceive ourselves, Sisters. Our cause is just and we must stand by it. Why should foreigners who come into this land merely for the sake of getting riches not having our interests at stake, be allowed after just a brief time to have a part in the control of this great nation when women who have always lived here and who love this country can only sit by passively and merely give a bit of advice to a husband who, thinking that a woman, because she is a woman, can not understand big problems, goes and casts his ballot to suit himself and oftentimes where he can get the most pecuniary benefits, forgetting that his wife and children have to abide by the laws which he helps to make? They may be good laws but there are many which are beneficial only to men and which we ought to oppose and down.

Why should men who have not a cent in the world have a voice in the government when a woman and property-holder is compelled to say nothing, put aside her own feelings, and help to support that government which may be detrimental to her best interests?

They, our esteemed brothers, tell us that it would be unwomanly to go to the polls and vote, but, I say, what can be more womanly than to demand justice?

Why is it a woman's place to remain shut within four walls and rock the cradle while her husband spends his spare moments with the crowd talking politics? A woman is not given a chance to learn things and then is chided because she is ignorant of the ways of government. Once given an opportunity, she would show her colors.

Sisters, we must think of some way to impress on the minds of these men that we are capable and that we ought to be allowed a voice in this, our government. But what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sisters, we have been trying that for the last number of years.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us deceive ourselves no longer. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated. Our petitions have been

slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded.

Shall we, then, quietly submit and say that we can do nothing? Sisters, if we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, we must fight! An appeal to arms is all that is left us.

They tell us that we are weak but when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week—or the next year? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Sisters, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which have been placed in our power.

Our brave women, armed in the just and noble cause of suffrage will be invincible under any means which these men can use against us. The battle is not to the strong alone; it is to the active, the brave. Besides, Comrades, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission. What would our dear and daring leaders who are now starving in the cruel prisons for this our cause say, if we retreat? No, Sisters, the war is inevitable; and let it come! I repeat it, let it come!

It is in vain to extenuate the matter. Some may cry peace! peace! but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! Our sisters are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlewomen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of quiet submission? Forbid it! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me my rights, or give me death.

—*Stella M. Hawkins*



## Against Woman Suffrage

**I**T is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope but is it natural for woman to engage in the practice of casting the ballot?

We admit that some of our states in the union, today, allow woman suffrage, thereby proposing to change their government but what good results are to come from it? A woman's place is in her home, not at the polls and when she should be at home attending to her household duties she should not be elsewhere engaging vigorously in the affairs only of men.

Can you conceive of any thing more outrageous today than to read each night in the papers of the doings of suffragettes in other countries; England, for example? Could there be a more dreadful sight than to see hundreds of women thronging through the busy streets of London on their way to the polls? Aside from that, think of the expense, harm, and amount of time put into their disastrous attempts to make women superior to men in regard to voting.

You ask what do the suffragettes gain from their most laborious struggle? What is ever gained, either good or bad, that must be fought for in such a way as to menace every person in a community? Indeed, if women should at some future time secure full control of the government it would be changed materially in a way degrading and destructive to all who have the misfortune of being ruled or living under their unjust and foolish laws.

—*Frances M. Barrett*



## Good Times at Taconic Hall

"This world is so full of a number of things,  
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings."

**T**HE strenuous life here at Taconic Hall has been made very enjoyable by many parties, dances, and entertainments. Surely, these social functions will never be forgotten by the students of the Normal School.

The faculty pleased us exceedingly when they presented their original play entitled, "The Model Rural School." The students have never realized before what dramatists were among their instructors. In the teacher we had one possessing all the characteristics of a progressive pedagogue of the twentieth century and the pupils were exceptional children as one would expect under such supervision.

Our teachers were very generous to us and entertained us again royally on St. Valentine's Day with an evening with scenes from Dickens which were enjoyed by all the girls.

Then it was our turn to return these pleasant evenings which we did in the form of a minstrel show. We that were in it enjoyed the play and our audience appeared to also. This ended our Taconic Hall entertainments for the year for then the work of commencement started.

We all wondered our senior year what our Valentine's party would be and were delighted with a trip to Europe by aid of the radioscope and talks by various teachers who had visited this interesting place. This was followed by a pleasant evening spent in dancing.

Then there came that time when excitement reigned through out the corridors because of something Dame Rumor had said. How the girls talked in subdued tones, "Could it be possible that this the 'impossible' was true?" Yes, the inevitable had occurred; for, at last, we were to be given a series of real "men dances" preceded by clever entertainments. The first one was a farce entitled "Alice in Wonderland." The play was very skillfully presented and heartily appreciated by all. One could not help but imagine himself in wonderland to see the various animals promenading about it. The next treat was a series of "Living Pictures" portraying scenes of spring. Never before did we realize what beautiful impersonations of this exquisite season were in our midst. The third entertainment was in the form of a colonial party where we were entertained by a group of courtly ladies who performed with graceful dignity the stately measures of the dances of those old colonial times. This was followed by the usual dancing which had only started when to our dismay the strains of "Home Sweet Home" were borne to our ears for these entertainments were to close in a business like way promptly at ten o'clock, and thus were brought to a close the long look-forward-to entertainments.

Here's to good old Taconic Hall!

May these jolly times spent within her walls linger pleasantly in the memory of us all.

## Response to the Seniors

**C**LASS of 1912! We gather here today—your day—our hearts stirred as never Junior hearts were stirred before. We come to reveal our pride in you, to express our deepest gratitude; to show for you that love and affection that Old Normal has ever established among her daughters; to tell you all this, and then to say—farewell.

But e'er that final word is said, tarry here a moment to hear the Juniors' tale. Learn why our pride in you; why our gratitude and love. It was at the tennis tournament, early in the fall, that first we realized the full significance of that word—senior; and saw that your condescending manner was well warranted.

Then came the gymnasium meet. Again you carried off the honors, and again we suffered sad defeat. How you did make basket after basket! Why, in double goal, our girls but fourth in line, had scarce received the ball, when cheering told another point for them! Never had we seen such playing.

But, pardon, if I ask, who won the contest guessing names that day? Was it not the Juniors? Now this leads me to believe one of two things—either, you considered us too insignificant to tax your brains in learning our names, or the Juniors are a far more observing, more attentive, in fact, a more mentally agile body than their esteemed elders. However this may be, in athletics, you stand far ahead!—our “Elizabeths” and “Mary Janes” have made a record at Normal not to be forgotten—a record that future classes will find hard to break.

Would not this athletic prowess alone be sufficient to justify our pride in you? But you had so many other accomplishments! We heard you in the Glee Club. We saw you actually teaching in the grammar school. What to a Junior could place you on a more exalted plane! Then, too, those wonderful creations that used to come from Miss Schuyler's sewing rooms. Each day, soon after four o'clock, we were always sure of seeing at least one senior enter assembly hall, so unconscious of that wreath of roses twined about her hair. To the Juniors fell the duty of marvelling over the exquisite beauty, and of exclaiming: “You didn't do it all yourself!”

Great as our pride in you had been, not until the night of the class play, did it reach its culmination! The eagerness with which we look forward to seeing it again expresses our appreciation.

Those first few weeks, we knew so little and you were seniors and knew so very much. We did get mixed up about the rooms, it is true, in fact, about everything else as well—and you laughed, but as the time approaches for us to welcome other Juniors, we begin to see things from a senior point of view, and forgive everything. Yes, even the way you aired your knowledge of psychology, and practiced its precepts upon us. While we can never forget our chagrin at having our every chance remark, analyzed and cut to pieces, still we freely forgive, for we have a feeling we may do likewise when our chance comes.

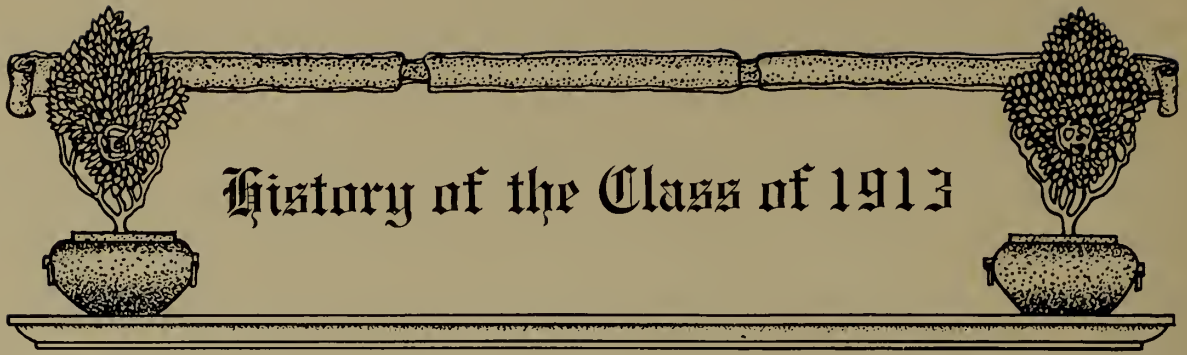
You were most accommodating in answering all of our questions. Problems, the most perplexing to us, in your hands, became simple indeed. We began to ask each other: Can there be a single thing these seniors do not know? Finally, one day, we discovered it! There lived, there walked among us, a senior who did not know the difference between enthusiasm and animation. Joy at our discovery, soon changed to grief! It was tragic to realize that one who so soon would be instructing the youth of our land, was in darkness concerning this most vital matter. Would such ignorance ever admit of a sufficient understanding of her pupils to insure success?

Perhaps, no kind act of yours made a greater impression upon us than the way in which you shared with us, those delicious tarts and sweethearts. Ever dear to the heart of a Junior, will be the memory of that Senior, who in those early days of shyness, heeded the hungry, longing look.

Thoughts of these and the many good times we have enjoyed together, return to us as the day of separation draws near. We shall miss you sadly seniors. Yet, we would not bid you stay. We know how anxious you are to grasp the opportunities before you. And as you go, be assured that the best wishes of the Junior Class go with you!

—*Mary Gleason*





## History of the Class of 1913

N EARLY two years ago our class—and a very good looking one at that, as we were soon informed by our honored faculty—found itself here at Normal. It was first quite bewildered by Mr. Murdock's chapel talk in which he gave us the startling news that we would have no books to study. We were then precipitated into the geometry class. Miss Searle immediately asked us to describe the simplest roof form as we would to a small child. Delighted by the apparent simplicity of her request we confidently began. But after fifteen minutes search for words simple enough, and being reduced to the proper subjection we gave up in despair. Once out of class we talked it over. "Well, how do you do it anyway?" "Blest if I know." "Say, girls, do you suppose *she* can do it?" And we have been wondering ever since.

After being properly introduced to Mr. Guss' class we were given a hammer, a bottle of acid, and then Mr. Guss took out that small note book which he always carries and which apparently must contain by this time our entire class history.

"Um-a- does anyone know where Miss Carr is? Um- Now, young ladies, be sure and wear your rubbers for the weather looks threatening."

Then we sallied forth. Many were the walks we took thus armed,—with Mr. Guss striding on ahead calling—"Step lively, young ladies, you can't afford to miss anything." You ask what we learned? When the acid is poured on ("Just a drop is enough, young ladies") some rocks will "fizz" and some won't, altho which will and which won't I never can quite remember.

The seniors now gave us a reception and we—to show our appreciation and general good will tendered them a most novel and scary Hallowe'en party.

Then came the first of our famous class meetings where all the girls to demonstrate their class spirit and ability talked at once, and where all order and reason fled in terror. Nevertheless from the midst of chaos we showed our good sense by making "Poky" our president.

In Drawing class, we learned to keep our eyes open to the values, how to make color scales, how to dress harmoniously with our complexion and strangely enough what color schemes to use for home decoration!

Music class struck terror to many hearts for here we quaked and shook at the sound of our own voice singing all soul alone, before the whole class which seemed to increase in size with every note we attempted. Reading class at first seemed a joke with its 1-2-3-4-5— 1-2-2-3-4, and *goo goo goo goo goo goo Goo GOO*; and again its stories such as how Funny Fanny fried fickle Frank five finey fish. But when we came to telling fables the joke was turned. With trembling knees and quaking voices we told stories of fairies, beautiful princesses and brave princes. We dramatized them and heaved sighs of relief when we all got to the place where they live happily ever after.



In wood work we accomplished wonders and in Miss Lamphier's domain we acquired a wholesome respect for a cane seated chair.

With the proper weather conditions came Mr. Murdock's yearly exposition of the use of coats, *put on*, and the frivolity of draped sweaters worn between Taconic Hall and the Normal school.

Spring found us all in the garden with Mr. Guss, and heard his admonition "Water with a rake young ladies." To us the garden holds many mysteries, for how can it be that beans spring up where you know you planted lettuce, and lettuce flourishes in the midst of your flowers. But Mr. Guss only assures us that "um-a- plants never tell lies, young ladies." How we scorned the smiles of our senior friends, and the wondering looks of the passers-by, and raked with renewed vigor under the scorching sun.

Of the many happenings at Taconic Hall I can tell but little. Strange whisperings of rooms turned upside down, of mid-night spreads, of closets used as places for mid-night study, of solemn house meetings, and of ghost story parties held in the middle of the dread, black night come to me, but the particulars, if known, I dare not relate.

The next fall found most of us back in those coveted seats in the back of the chapel. After the usual senior reception we were given a delightful Hallowe'en party by the juniors, where ghosts, clowns and Indians abounded.

Mr. Smith, the new member of our faculty, immediately won our admiration and affection by his ever smiling face, his jovial good humor and his strong adherence to the cause of woman suffrage.

And now another of our illustrious class meetings was called. "Poky" having resigned, Kathryn Nash was elected president.

But at this time that dreaded terror was upon us—teaching. We thought teaching, dreamed it, planned it, and then—tremblingly went entirely contrary to all we had thought, dreamed and planned. How the scraping of the teacher's pencil as she swiftly wrote our criticisms sent the shivers up and down our backs.

Soon the whole school was disturbed with political discussions. Wilson, Roosevelt and Taft buttons and badges were seen on all sides. Roosevelt came to town, and it is whispered that many went to those awful moving pictures, even borrowing the money for it, in order to secure good seats to hear him. Finally on election day all the suffragettes in the senior class cast a ballot, having previously been to the poles to see how it was done. Great was the elation of some when Mr. Wilson won.

Mr. Smith has taken us on many pleasant walks where we learned how to throw stones, climb gravel beds and keep track of time.

Heralded by Mr. Guss the hens and roosters welcomed us at the poultry show, as did the cows at Mr. Briggs' and the city farm. How much we enjoyed being welcomed we are unable to express.

Mr. Smith and Miss Skeele next planned a walk whereby they could distinguish the dead beets from the rest of the class. We are wondering why they were found with the beets.

Mr. Murdock's class in Education was approached with fear and trembling. Here we learned a wholesome respect for apes and monkeys, such as is not always held toward our more closely connected relatives.

Four other events marked our senior year. One of these was the three entertainments given by the teachers, to which real live men were actually allowed to come. The next—the Child's Welfare Exhibit where we were asked to explain, flies, lunches

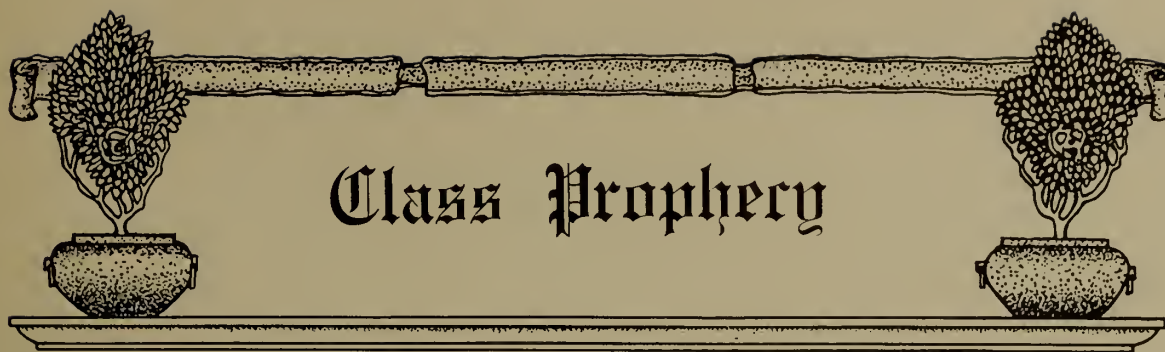
and toys and not to talk to the boys. The other two were the County Fair given by our class in the "gym" and the Old Folk's Concert. It is said that the lemonade sold at the former had a curious effect upon Mr. Smith, while Mr. Murdock compared it to rag-time music, but we noticed he enjoyed the side shows.

We have learned many things here at Normal, such as our relationship to the apes, arguments for and against woman suffrage, what an ideal teacher is like, (and all for \$10.00 a week,) a few have learned the graceful art of jigging and flying from Mrs. Graves, while another few now know the proper place for alarm clocks when visitors are about. We all now have for our loftiest ambition the school on the top of Florida mountain; for have not all our honored faculty from the beginning of our course held it constantly before us, and labored diligently to prepare us for it.

Commencement is upon us and it is with mingled feelings of happiness and sadness that we pass to that work which lies beyond.

—*Gladys L. Buck*





ON a beautiful day in the autumn of 1923, while I was spending my leisure hours in the ancient city of Athens, its many beauties and wonders charmed me. Each hour, new delights came to me as I wandered about its historic buildings. On this particular day, I was taken to see the ruins of the famous galley, the Argo, in which Jason carried off the Golden Fleece. There was the wonderful figure head, cut from the branch of the "talking oak." My guide was particularly proud in telling me of the talking qualities of the figure.

I sat down before it and it was not long before I was looking at it intently, as Jason had done, and repeating these words, "Child of the Talking Oak," I whispered, "can you tell me what has become of my friends of a decade ago?" Then, to my great amazement, it repeated the following story of the wonderful class of 1913.

Katherine Nash, your faithful class president, continues to hold her high office, but this time she is president of a household. Each afternoon, she sits drowsily watching the ships coming in at Cheshire Harbor.

Mary Bousfield, who not only charmed her classmates by her musical talent but also her friend at Amherst, having completed her course in Domestic Arts at the normal school, has commenced a special course of "sweethearts" at Amherst under the close observation of Mr. Blake. I wonder if he made the suggestion?

Marion Donelson and Lora Ward who gave up their work in elocution, and who settled down as home makers, have been using their well developed voices in giving curtain lectures to an audience of one.

Miss Bicknell and Miss Mary Cummings are matrons of a girls' dormitory at Columbia. Mary is lenient toward her charges, in all things except for strict observance of study hour, recreation periods, pillow fights and dog chases.

Pauline Beadles has accepted a position in the west as principal of a building where plumbing apparatus is continually out of order. I wonder why crayons were found in the sink pipes and the same plumber always responded to her call? But why need Pauline care?

Era Grout and Henrietta Wells have found at last the remedy which makes people grow tall. They have attained the height of six feet two inches. (Quite a change!) No wonder we read the sign, "Grow tall by inches!"

Leila Smith, our great suffragette, is following the good work of Emmeline Pankhurst. As yet she has had to serve no time for confiscating property, but soon she will exhibit her fine gymnastic abilities to advantage.

Mary Gleason, who has now attained sufficient knowledge in Zoology to warrant her specializing in it, has long been holding an honored position among the faculty of her Alma Mater.

Lila Krogman and Dorothy Murdock have become matrons of a dormitory, which is connected with a Normal School for Boys. Dorothy, in her simple way, is teaching them sewing and Lila, from her point of view, is teaching the pupils short, and certain methods of cooking.

Margaret Carr, together with her assistants Lucille Norcott, and Margaret Smith, is having trouble with the superintendent because she thinks there are too many holidays during the term. (The girls felt the same way about holidays at Normal, especially "gym" days!)

Four of my dear classmates, who were inseparable during days at old normal, are still inseparable. These girls, Elaine Cavanaugh, her sister Genevieve, Grace Burns and Sarah Nettleton have become very serious since we saw them last, and most of their time is taken up in leading the society of Boston.

Here, the oak paused as if to recall some one's name, but after a minute's hesitation, I heard it whisper "Monny!" Yes, Monica was teaching in the first grade on Florida Mountain. She had selected the poem "Pittuy-Pat" and "Tippy-Toe" to read to the children, but the name "Pat," which suggested days gone by, made her lonesome, so she omitted the reading.

If a body meet a body comin' thru the Rye'an—— (Ryan) Hark! What melodious sounds! Can it be Katherine Sinnott singing? Certain, it is! See, the last words make her smile too! I wonder what they suggest? Perhaps by 1930, the veil of mystery shall be lifted.

Jenny Rosenburg has engaged the last seat in the car for the school term at Broad Brook, so that she can converse with the conductor. Why, Jenny, what's the matter? When did you start that habit?

For five long, happy years, Frances Kelly has been joined to John by chemical affinity. The relation between them is growing stronger and nearer however, and we would not be surprised if they would go into partnership soon. But this is no wonder, nay, it is an open secret.

### "COMING—A GREAT COMEDY"

You can break your sides laughing! Come one and All!" These words warn us of the coming of the world famous comedians Hawkins, Feeley, Mallery, Buck, playing under the name of "The Great Side Splitting Quartet."

Maud's literary ability has at last been appreciated. The popular N. Y. Tribune offers her a position at forty dollars per week. She has accepted and has become the great editor of "Every miscellaneous topic under the sun!"

Mary Robinson, the great Bible quoter is preaching on: "Immoral Amusements," "Evils of Dancing" and the "Reward of Perseverance and Obedience" to her fellow men in Africa.

Your class of 1913 is to be represented in still another field because Margaret Pope and Ruth Hamer have posed as modern artists. At a very enormous salary, they have been commissioned to paint candle shades for the cathedral at Rome.

Elsie Blanchard has given up her teaching in the district school, where in former years, she saw and related so many of their practical processes and is now taking a special course of study in the fields. Elsie always enjoyed "Nature" work! We hope no "mal" will come to her.



Rachel Parsons remained nine and one half years in her model rural school, until some one came to Hook her (Hooker). We should not be surprised at this, as Hooker used to be the principal word in Rachel's vocabulary.

Frances Lashway and Helen Ryan are talking very seriously with the superintendent. If any one should listen carefully for a moment, we would find out, altho they do not screech now, that these girls cannot get along without a shower bath in their school.

Mal elle Raguse on the stage! Yes, she is a world renowned tight rope walker and acrobat!

Katherine Reilley has not yet entered a convent, but many of her evenings are spent in church. We do not wonder that she may change her mind and enter the circle of matrimony.

Evelyn Montague so refined and so quiet, is to pose as the modern prima donna, having given up her work as an orator.

Gertrude Galusha has been seen each afternoon canvassing Bordeau Mixture and spray pumps to farmers of Williamstown. Praise to her instructors along this line!

Berta Haekebeil has wandered to Central Africa. Here she is doing fine work teaching the natives how to embroider and hemstitch.

Ruth Morrison has accepted a position at Lenox. She, like many of the down county girls, has grown very fond of blue eyes. For this reason, "Doe" continues to call!

Anna Morris taught five years in a graded school where normal methods were unheard of, after which time, one of her many, handy cousins came to the front and rescued her.

Having grown fond of lilies ("Lily's") Mabel Flaherty has procured one at last, guaranteed to last a life time and keep its beauty. We hope it will continue to flourish.

Quiet Lottie Lacey (quiet when asleep) has reached the west in safety; and has become overwhelmed by the hospitality of the westerners, especially the cow-boys. She has sent back to her home in Pittsfield a book, "Glowing Descriptions of Ranch Life," which she published, expressing her feelings about ranch life and the boys!

Mattie Lesure and Eloise Boorne have life positions as instructors in normal schools.

I know you will be surprised to hear about Katherine and Mabelle Holleran. You'll not wonder long when I tell you they have written two famous books, one "The Growing Independence of Individuals," and the other, "The Reward of the Labor of Others." The stories deal with knowledge already known and one's own experiences.

Hark! As you drive through the quiet yet famous village of Savoy, you can hear a sweet, soft, melodious little voice coming from the village choir. As you ascend the rickety stairway, you behold no other person but our friend and classmate, Nora Hanley.

Betty O'Brien, still quiet and shy, concluded that teaching was too strenuous a duty, so she resigned and took up the work of Domestic Arts in a four roomed bungalow at Lee. Alone? Why no!

Mary Mahon has given up her liking for Empire plays and players but has become deeply interested in athletics and their work. Quiet, indeed no, she enjoys to

see them play. We can easily account for this as she loves to watch a dandy ("Dan" dy) player at work to win the game.

Fanny Barrett has continued during all these years, to work out fancy dances for the benefit of the Boston American readers.

Then came a silence. I listened carefully and quietly, but in order to hear the last words, I had to lean forward, and as they died away, a soft wind seemed to sigh near me. I arose reluctantly, after a few words of gratitude, almost as happy, as if I had that day visited with each of my school mates, longing for the sight of their dear faces and memories of the class of 1913 were clearly brought back to me.

—*Gertrude Hurlbut*



## Prophet on Prophet

**W**HEN I was designated by the class to write a prophecy on the prophet, I found to my dismay that any of the ludicrous things I could predict for her were completely overshadowed by the ridiculous things that happened in the past. After racking my brains in vain, I locked up my conscience, reputation for truthfulness and veracity, took twenty-five cents and paid a visit to a famous soothsayer. To her I gave my name as Gertrude Hurlbut and, gazing into a luminous crystal ball, I saw the fate of that young lady revealed. I shall not endeavor to give all the details of her marvelous career, for if I should probably be accused of plagiarizing on Jules Verne or Garrett P. Serviss. Neither will I attempt to follow her in her first few years after leaving Normal, as her career depicted in the crystal was one of meteoric rapidity and kaleidoscopic variability through gasping and bewildered society. I will now attempt to relate to you an interesting incident in our prophet's future.

I saw a tourist about the year Nineteen Hundred and Twenty entering the world-famed "Garden of the Gods" in Yellow-stone Park. He was amazed and horrified to behold the beautiful, natural formation of rock, hitherto undesecrated by the hand of man, placarded with immense posters, every letter a work of art, heralding the coming of "Gertrude Hurlbut's Massive, Modern, Melodious, Magnificent, Maiden Minstrels. Today at the Old Faithful Geyser."

The tourist, with a host of others, hastened to the geyser which flows periodically every sixty-four minutes, in time to witness its wonderful eruption. When it had subsided, a fleet of airships appeared; each craft hovered over the orifice just long enough to allow a dainty maiden to drop with a parachute, each alighting in her appointed place around the rim of the geyser.

Then immediately followed the greatest conglomeration of music and dance ever heard or seen. At the expiration of an hour the aeroplanes descended and took all the maidens, save one the primissima of prima donas, Gertrude Hurlbut.

She hovers on the brim; as the first vapor arises from the geyser, she springs forth, and dances on the rising steam, so lightly that she ascends on the pinnacle of the coming eruption. When the height of one hundred and fifty feet is reached, she hops into her awaiting aeroplane, and, amid the cheers of the multitude, sails away for new worlds to conquer.

—*Marjie Mallery*

## Address to Juniors

**T**O the Junior Class of 1914, we the 1913 Seniors are presently to say good-bye, but before we say it, we wish to thank you for your kindness in helping us to reach our present positions, and also to advise you a little as to your future conduct which you will so soon have to assume.

In all our activities you have stood by us. You have managed your class well, not having to call upon the Seniors for aid in settling disputes, as former classes have been known to do.

In the games we have had together, you have been the ones to enter enthusiastically and push them thru. By your faithful persistency, we have to shamefully admit, that in our largest and most important game, the defeat was ours.

Again, those of you in the Glee Club, willingly and with no complaints, took upon your shoulders, the heavy responsibility of knowing the words of the songs we sang, because the seniors were elsewhere busily engaged.

For all our entertainments you have shown interest by spreading the news of them, by buying our tickets, and by attending them in large numbers.

For all these we thank you most heartily.

As for our places which you will so soon occupy we wish to reveal to you a few secrets and give you a little advice.

First, for those of you in the dormitory, abide by the rules we have made this year. Choose your competent house-president and monitors, and insist that rules be obeyed, especially that every girl be in bed at 10.15 or go home. Please for the sake of the school, remember that.

For the whole class, we wish to remind you, that, as seniors, you must be dignified, hold your heads high, and pretend to know whether you do or not.

“He who knows and knows he knows—he’s a Senior.”

You will be the ones at the head, and you must be business like. Every class can try to improve upon the preceding one, and you can do it. Also you have it in your power to make the standard of this school one of the highest excellence and right.

Thus, hoping that you have been encouraged by our fine opinion of you, and that you have thankfully received what little advice we have given, we, tomorrow, leave our places for you to fill. We also give you our most worthy name—Seniors—and you have our sincerest wish for the best possible success.



## Class Will

**N**OW all men by these presents that we, the Class of 1913, of the Normal School of the city of North Adams, in the county of Berkshire and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, and in the fear of God, do hereby make this our last will and testament, revoking all former wills by us made:

After the payment of our just debts, and funeral expenses we give, devise, and bequeath as follows:

To the faculty our records from the time we entered Normal Hall until this last day, including marks in lessons, our personal impressions, and memories of so many after-school chats arising from "See me" lesson plans; and our heart-felt sympathy for hard work which will necessarily arise from new lessons with the Class of 1914.

To Mrs. Couch: Our greatest thanks for many suggestions as to the method of management in our future kingdoms.

To the training school teachers: The Juniors, for one year, to make lesson plans, to teach, and to be criticised; thereafter to be let loose in the wilds of Florida Mt. or Peru.

To the owners of the various barns, stables, etc., visited by us: Our deepest gratitude for knowledge gained from your property and our sorrow for any damage caused by the tramp of so many curious feet.

To the Juniors: In your hands do we place our greatest legacy, the honor and glory of the name of Seniors; and which you will need in large measure, namely dignity.

Along with this first great bequest, we leave the wish that you set a good example to those who will enter in September.

Also all those lessons which are as yet untasted delights, among which come teaching and psychology, which we hope you will enjoy as much as we.

Then, too, many enjoyable trips with Miss Skeele and Mr. Smith, added to those which will come with Mr. Guss, also the examination of house interiors in charge of Miss Pearson.

The different socials and entertainments sure to continue under your management.

The undeniable pleasure in preparing a class book and a class play.

Our class mascot, Myron Elwood Smith, to guard and preserve in the name of the Class of 1913.

And lastly, we respectfully bequeath to North Adams Normal School the honor of having the Class of 1913 on the list of her graduating classes.

In witness whereof we cause our class name to be subscribed hereto by Grace Elizabeth Burns, thereto duly authorized on this seventeenth day of June in the year of Our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and thirteen.

Class of 1913 of N. A. N. S.

On this seventeenth day of June A. D., 1913, the above Class of 1913 of the said Normal School caused its name to be subscribed to the foregoing instrument by the person thereto duly authorized and declared to be its last will and testament, in our presence and in the presence of each other, do hereto subscribe our names as witnesses.

*Mrs. O. P. Belmont,  
Woodrow Wilson,  
William Jennings Bryan.*

## The Hallowe'en Maid

SOME Seniors, on an Autumn night,  
Found themselves in quite a plight.

'Twas Hallowe'en, if my mem'ry serves true,  
When down the corridors they came into view.

Laughing, they stepped, and their merry glee  
'Twould take but half an eye to see.

As they approached Room 48,  
They found that the hour was getting late.

The door was opened and swallowed the host.  
Then began spooky tales of a ghost.

Their sweet laughter died, and a vague unrest  
And a nameless something filled each breast.

Soon from the sofa came a deep moan  
Then from a corner was uttered a groan.

The house president crept down the hall,  
Determined to make those Seniors bawl.

She delayed her footsteps before the lock;  
Then in the silence came a loud knock.

A smothered laugh, then a titter went round  
When a certain brave maid made the door with one  
bound.

She addressed the one on the outside there,  
In accents loud which made her glare.

"If some rip-roaring ghost stories you would hear,  
Just put to the keyhole your own wee ear.

"Hold it there, and we shall send  
Tales to make your hair stand on end."

She blushed as she said it, looking down  
On her feet so bare, and her kimoned gown.

"Girls!" said the president, "you must lie to your  
room  
Or I'll have the matron come up with a broom."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the girls, "We're out for a lark,  
And what's more, we're afraid to go home in the  
dark."

At last, like one who for delay  
Seeks a vain excuse, she went away.

But she looked back and saw a long line  
Of those self-same Seniors entering Room 49.

Soon up came the matron, aroused from her slumber  
To attend to those bad girls, those girls without  
number.

She knocked on the door, but before 'twas unlocked  
A rug from the transom was pulled like a shock.

For these innocent Juniors were having a feast  
Which, all of a sudden, had been caused to cease.

When the door was opened, was disclosed to sight  
Nearly twenty maidens huddled in affright.

Their dear matron, (Ah! How that night they rue!)  
Looked over their faces. (Not one 'scaped her view)

A matron more fair nor a face more sweet,  
Ne'er had it been their lot to meet.

And her modest command and graceful air,  
Showed her wise and good as she is fair.

Nearby, with lantern, face bright as the sun,  
Stood the night-watchman, to see the fun.

Words were few; excuses seemed lame,  
When their beloved matron appealed to their shame.

With sheepish expressions, down the halls they went  
creeping,  
To seek their trundle beds, where they should have  
been sleeping.

But, besides the disgrace, they are wont to grieve  
For the apples which they were compelled to leave.

But they took up their burdens of life gain,  
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maidens on mischief bent,  
Alas for our dear House President!

God pity them both! and pity us all,  
Who vainly the actions of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

—*Stella M. Hawkins*





## The Castle On the Hill

HAST thou seen that lordly castle  
That castle on the hill?"  
Where waves that Senior banner  
With all its might and will."

"Oft have I seen that castle,  
That castle on the hill  
With seniors hurrying breathless  
To arrive without a chill."

"The song and voice of maidens,  
Had they a merry time?  
Hast thou heard from those lofty chambers  
The songs and the Glee Club chime?"

"The cheer and cheer from Seniors,  
They hushed it was like a pall  
I heard on the gale a sound of wail  
Oh! Juniors, come, give us the ball."

"Hark! What is that strange music?  
Why it's only the Gramophone  
Mercy the rooster is crowing  
Alas, please take me home."

"Oft saw I the lordly castle  
Heard Seniors one and all.  
It is the time of gladness,  
The night of the Seniors' Ball."

## Ivy Poem

**F**OR two short years we've lingered here,  
Alas, so sweet, so short a space!  
Nor would we leave some little trace,  
Reluctant, e'er the end draws near!

Like others who have trod these halls,  
And found the onward sign,  
So we plant tenderly the vine  
To guard old "Normal's" walls.

Climb up, small vine, as seasons wane,  
And twine yourself in branches high,  
Gather your strength as years go by,  
To help us love and serve her name!

May winter's mantle gleaming bright,  
And summer's sun with gentle rain  
Help you, the top-most goal to gain  
And lead our steps a-right.

So nineteen thirteen, here today,  
To these dear walls their off'ring give,  
With ev'ry wish that it may live  
And help all others on their way.

And now as time draws near to leave,  
We part, in unknown paths to tread;  
Meanwhile by hopes our feet are sped  
With help and courage we've received.

When we have journeyed far from here,  
Others will come, and in their turn,  
Study and work, observe, and learn,  
As we, to hold these mem'ries dear.

For Alma Mater's name will shine!  
Her name we'll always love!  
And try to climb to heights above  
Like this green ivy vine!

# How Dormitory Girls Study

## During Study Hour

Time—8:15 P. M.

Place—Room 36, Taconic Hall.

Characters—Tall, Thin, Short, Stout, and Nervous.

Conditions—Nervous and Stout in dignified positions on chairs.

Thin—Where is he? I want to see the fun. (Finds vacant chair into which she can easily jump.)

Tall (timidly poking with ruler under bookcase)—It isn't here.

Nervous—Move my bed.

Short (entering with paints as a contribution to Nervous' store)—It has gone long ago. It could easily go out thru the pipe the hole comes in.

Nervous—Move that rug that's under the radiator.

Stout—No, I dassent!

Nervous—I can never write a lesson plan on Store Arithmetic in this room.

Tall—I am writing a paper on the temperance question.

Thin—You look it!

Tall—Call us again when you find the mouse once more.

Thin—Oh, dear! I thought we were going to have some sport.

(Exit Tall, Thin and Short.)

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## Extracts from our Favorite Poets

The grind had begun in the autumn  
And busily all the year  
Had been making Juniors and Seniors  
Wish that they'd never come here.

Shoes departing leave behind us  
Footprints in the Reservoir mud.—*J. Rosenberg*

Slipping, sliding, bluffing  
Some way thru school we'll get.

O wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see oursel's as ithers see us  
When suddenly our chair does lea' us  
And we do flop.—*Mr. Smith.*

My desk is so full of a number of things  
Those that I want most seem to take wings.  
Who's guilty?



## General Rules



Be horizontal between two sheets at 10:15 or pack your trunk and leave.

Do not dance the Turkey Trot, the Bear Hug, or the Boston at the house entertainments.

Never use alarm clocks for the entertainment of callers in the social room.

Do not play tennis when the dew is on the grass.

Do not rise in the wee small hours of the morning to study; neither shalt thou burn midnight oil in the closet.

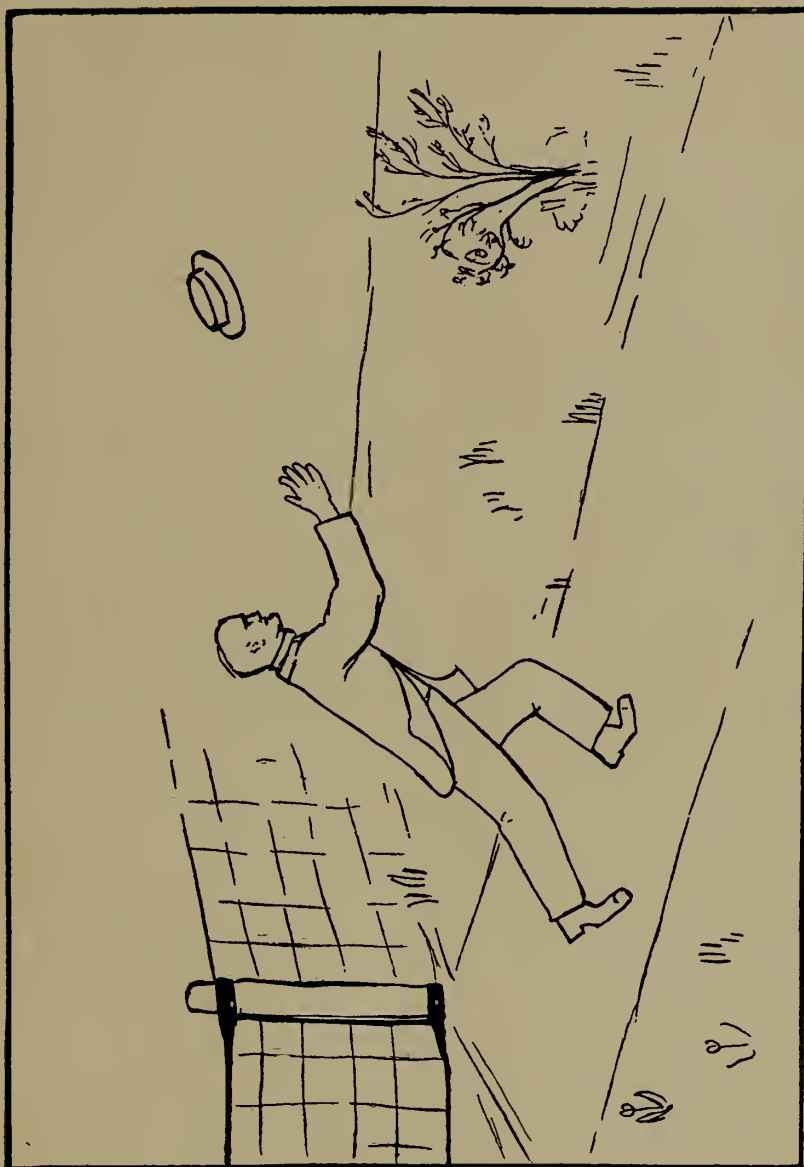
In case of the illness of a sister, please make it your business to call upon the patient, thus bringing her cheer and leaving the air sweet and unpolluted.

Remove your shoes before retiring.

Refrain from decorating the chairs of the Assembly room with sweaters.

Swat the fly!





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